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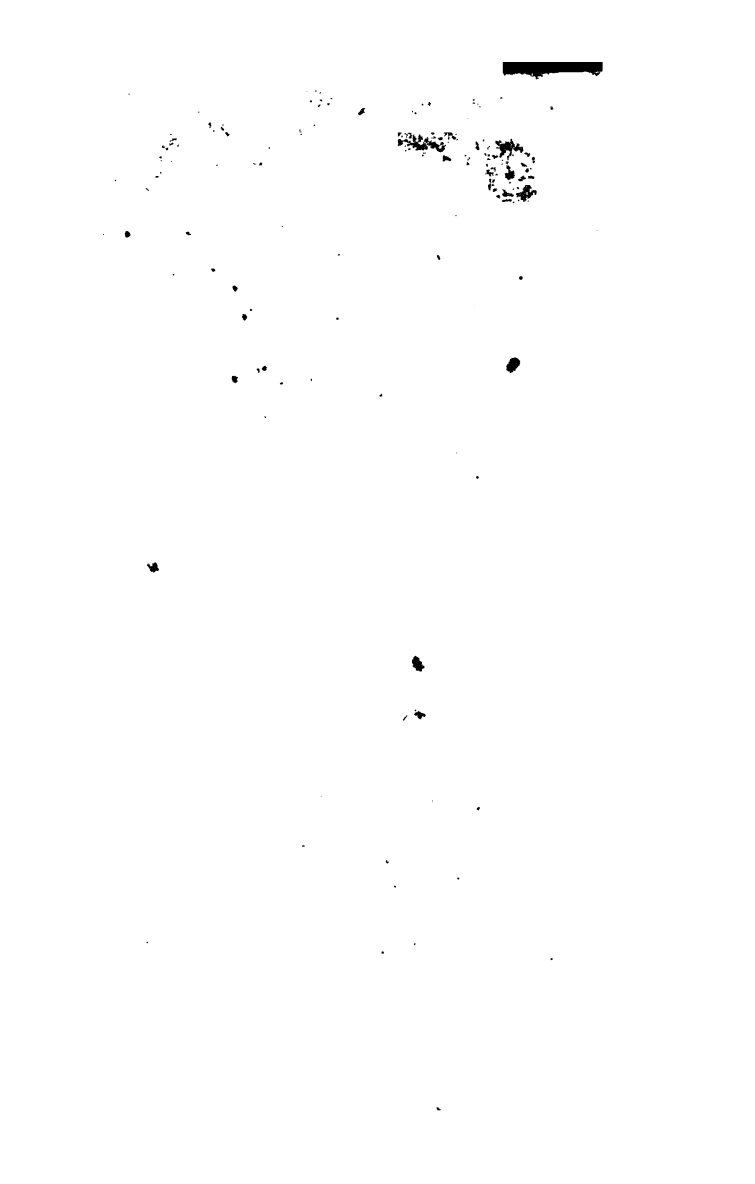

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Lows his hoard and hoary hair;
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.
The Bard.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XXIX.

GRAY, CHATTERTON, HARTE.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,
FOR
JOHN LAVAL.
William Brown, Printer.
1822.

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1895

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OF

THOMAS GRAY:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

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of their own merit sets them above the compliances of servility, are apt enough, in their association with superiors, to watch their own dignity with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the fervour of independence to exact that attention which they refuse to pay. Part they did, whatever was the quarrel; and the rest of their travels was doubtless more unpleasant to them both. Gray continued his journey in a manner suitable to his own little fortune, with only an occasional servant.

He returned to England in September 1741, and in about two months afterwards buried his father, who had by an injudicious waste of money upon a new house, so much lessened his fortune, that Gray thought himself too poor to study the law. He therefore retired to Cambridge, where he soon after became Bachelor of Civil Law, and where, without liking the place or its inhabitants, or professing to like them, he passed, except a short residence at London, the rest of his life.

About this time he was deprived of Mr. West, the son of a chancellor of Ireland, a friend on whom he appears to have set a high value, and who deserved his esteem by the powers which he shows in his Letters, and in the 'Ode to May,' which Mr. Mason has preserved, as well as by the sincerity with which, when Gray sent him part of 'Agrippina,' a tragedy that he had just begun, he gave an opinion which probably intercepted the progress of the work, and which the judgment of every reader will confirm. It was certainly no loss to the English stage that 'Agrippina' was never finished.

In this year (1742) Gray seems to have applied himself seriously to poetry; for in this year were produced the 'Ode to Spring,' his 'Prospect of Eton,' and his 'Ode to Adversity.' He began likewise a Latin poem, 'De principiis cogitandi.'

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Mason, that his first ambition was to have excelled

in Latin poetry: perhaps it were reasonable to wish that he had prosecuted his design; for though there is at present some embarrassment in his phrase, and some harshness in his lyric numbers, his copiousness of language is such as very few possess; and his lines, even when imperfect, discover a writer whom practice would have made skilful.

He now lived on at Peterhouse, very little solicitous what others did or thought, and cultivated his mind and enlarged his views without any other purpose than of improving and amusing himself; when Mr. Mason, being elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall, brought him a companion who was afterwards to be his editor, and whose fondness and fidelity has kindled in him a zeal of admiration which cannot be reasonably expected from the neutrality of a stranger, and the coldness of a critic.

In this retirement he wrote (1747) an ode on the 'Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat;' and the year afterwards attempted a poem of more importance, on 'Government and Education,' of which the fragments which remain have many excellent lines.

His next production (1750) was his far-famed 'Elegy in the Church-yard,' which, finding its way into a Magazine, first, I believe, made him known to the public.

An invitation from lady Cobham about this time, gave occasion to an odd composition called 'A Long Story,' which adds little to Gray's character.

Several of his pieces were published (1753) with designs by Mr. Bentley; and, that they might in some form or other make a book, only one side of each leaf was printed. I believe the poems and the plates recommended each other so well, that the whole impression was soon bought. This year he lost his mother.

Some time afterwards (1756) some young men of the college, whose chambers were near his, diverted themselves with disturbing him by frequent and

troublesome noises, and, as is said, by pranks yet more offensive and contemptuous. This insolence, having endured it a while, he represented to the governors of the society, among whom perhaps he had no friends; and, finding his complaint little regarded, removed himself to Pembroke Hall.

In 1757, he published 'The Progress of Poetry' and 'The Bard,' two compositions at which the readers of poetry were at first content to gaze in mute amazement. Some that tried them confessed their inability to understand them, though Warburton said that they were understood as well as the works of Milton and Shakspeare, which it is the fashion to admire. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Some hardy champions undertook to rescue them from neglect; and in a short time many were content to be shown beauties which they could not see.

Gray's reputation was now so high, that after the death of Cibber, he had the honour of refusing the laurel, which was then bestowed on Mr. Whitehead.

His curiosity, not long after, drew him away from Cambridge to a lodging near the Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing; and, so far as can be discovered, very little affected by two odes on 'Oblivion' and 'Obscurity,' in which his lyric performances were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

When the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge died, he was, as he says, 'cockered and spirited up,' till he asked it of lord Bute, who sent him a civil refusal; and the place was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of sir James Lowther.

His constitution was weak, and, believing that his health was promoted by exercise and change of place, he undertook (1765) a journey into Scotland, of which his account, so far as it extends, is very curious and elegant: for, as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art,

all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events. He naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. The Mareschal College, at Aberdeen, offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which, having omitted to take it at Cambridge, he thought it decent to refuse.

What he had formerly solicited in vain was at last given him without solicitation. The Professorship of History became again vacant, and he received (1768) an offer of it from the duke of Grafton. He accepted, and retained it to his death; always designing lectures, but never reading them; uneasy at his neglect of duty, and appeasing his uneasiness with designs of reformation, and with a resolution which he believed himself to have made, of resigning the office, if he found himself unable to discharge it.

Ill health made another journey necessary, and he visited (1769) Westmoreland and Cumberland. He that reads his epistolary narration wishes, that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment; but it is by studying at home that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

His travels and his studies were now near their end. The gout, of which he had sustained many weak attacks, fell upon his stomach, and, yielding to no medicines, produced strong convulsions, which (July 30, 1771) terminated in death.

His character I am willing to adopt, as Mr. Mason has done, from a letter written to Mr. Boswell, by the Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias, in Cornwall; and am as willing as his warmest well-wisher to believe it true.

'Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of

history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts, were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining; but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation of delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve: though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered merely as a man of letters; and, though, without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorials but a few poems? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently employed; to himself certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably: he was every day making some new acquisition in science: his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us.'

To this character Mr. Mason has added a more particular account of Gray's skill in zoology. He

has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected most 'before those whom he did not wish to please;' and that he is unjustly charged with making knowledge his sole reason of preference, as he paid his esteem to none whom he did not likewise believe to be good.

What has occurred to me from the slight inspection of his Letters in which my undertaking has engaged me is, that his mind had a large grasp; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all; but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism and infidelity. His short account of Shaftesbury I will insert.

'You say you cannot conceive how lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: first he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where: sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter; for a new road has become an old one.'

Mr. Mason has added, from his own knowledge, that, though Gray was poor, he was not eager of money; and that, out of the little that he had, he was very willing to help the necessitous.

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion not very

peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments.

GRAY'S Poetry is now to be considered; and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confess that I contemplate it with less pleasure than his life.

His ode 'On Spring' has something poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives the termination of participles; such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I am sorry to see, in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too stale; the conclusion is pretty.

The poem 'On the Cat' was doubtless by its author considered as a trifle; but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza, 'the azure flowers *that* blow' show resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the Cat, is called a nymph, with some violence both to language and sense; but there is no good use made of it when it is done; for of the two lines,

> **What female heart can gold despise?**
> **What cat's averse to fish?**

the first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that 'a favourite has no friend;' but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; if *what glistered* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned.

The 'Prospect of Eton College' suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His supplication to father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, i.

useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself. His epithet 'buxom health' is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more remote from common use; finding in Dryden 'honey redolent of Spring,' an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making 'gales' to be 'redolent of joy and youth.'

Of the 'Ode on Adversity,' the hint was at first taken from 'O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium;' but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not, by slight objections, violate the dignity.

My process has now brought me to the *wonderful* 'Wonder of Wonders,' the two Sister Odes: by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of the 'Progress of Poetry.'

Gray seems in his rapture to confound the images of 'spreading sound and running water.' A 'stream of music' may be allowed; but where 'music,' however 'smooth and strong,' after having visited the 'verdant vales, rowl down the steep amain,' so as that 'rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar!' If this be said of Music, it is nonsense; if it be said of Water, it is nothing to the purpose.

The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chace a school-boy to his commonplaces.

To the third it may likewise be objected, that it is drawn from mythology, though such as may be

more easily assimilated to real life. Idalia's 'velvet green' has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art: an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. 'Many-twinkling' was formerly censured as not analogical; we may say 'many-spotted,' but scarcely 'many-spotting.' This stanza, however, has something pleasing.

Of the second ternary of stanzas, the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion: the second describes well enough the universal prevalence of Poetry; but I am afraid that the conclusion will not rise from the premises. The caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the residences of 'Glory and generous shame.' But that Poetry and Virtue go always together is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true.

The third stanza sounds big with 'Delphi,' and 'Egean,' and 'Ilissus,' and 'Meander,' and 'hallowed fountains,' and 'solemn sound;' but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendour which we wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom we derive our first school of Poetry, Italy was overrun by 'tyrant power' and 'coward vice;' nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.

Of the third ternary, the first gives a mythological birth of Shakspeare. What is said of that mighty genius is true; but it is not said happily: the real effects of this poetical power are put out of sight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless; the counterfeit debases the genuine.

His account of Milton's blindness, if we suppose it caused by study in the formation of his poem, a

supposition surely allowable, is poetically true, and happily imagined. But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two coursers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.

'The Bard' appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original; and if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in 'The Bard' more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is less than to invent, and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi.*

To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvelous. And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that 'The Bard' promotes any truth, moral or political.

His stanzas are too long, especially his epodes; the ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.

Of the first stanza the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly upon his subject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

The initial resemblances, or alliterations, "ruin, ruthless, helm or hauberk," are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity.

In the second stanza the Bard is well described; but in the third we have the puerilities of obsolete mythology. When we are told that 'Cadwallo hush'd the stormy main,' and that 'Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head,' attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.

The *weaving* of the *winding-sheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the Northern Bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of spinning the thread of life is another mythology. Theft is always dangerous; Gray has made weavers of slaughtered bards by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to 'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,' perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men weave the *web* or piece; and the first line was dearly bought by the admission of its wretched correpondent, "Give ample room and verge enough."* He has, however, no other line as bad.

The third stanza of the second ternary is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The personification is distinct. *Thirst* and *Hunger* are not alike; and their features, to make the imagery perfect, should have been discriminated. We are told, in the same stanza, how 'towers are fed.' But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be observed that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had without expense of thought.

These odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments; they strike, rather than please; the images are magnified by affect

* "I have a soul, that like an *ample* shield
Can take in all; and *verge enough* for more."
Dryden's Sebastian.

tion; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. 'Double, double, toil and trouble.' He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.

To say that he has no beauties, would be unjust a man like him, of great learning and great industry, could not but produce something valuable. When he pleases least, it can only be said that a good design was ill directed.

His translations of Northern and Welch Poetry deserve praise; the imagery is preserved, perhaps often improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must finally be decided all claim to poetical honours. The 'Church-yard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas, beginning 'Yet even these bones,' are to me original: I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here pursuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him.

The judgment pronounced by Dr. Johnson on Gray's poetry has been almost universally acknowledged to be exorbitantly severe. But nothing that Johnson has written is to be lost or altered, when it is suitable to the limits of a publication such as the present. We may, however, subtract from the force of his opinions by quoting those of a more recent critic, who possesses a keen sensibility, as well as great literary acuteness and a just, highly cultivated taste. 'In order' says

Campbell, 'to distinguish the positive merits of Gray from the loftier excellence ascribed to him by his editor (Mr. Matthias,) it is unnecessary to resort to the criticisms of Dr. Johnson. Some of them may be just; but their general spirit is malignant and exaggerated. When we look to such beautiful passages in Gray's odes, as his Indian poet amidst the forests of Chili, or his prophet bard, scattering dismay on the array of Edward and his awe-struck chieftains, on the side of Snowden—when we regard his elegant taste, not only gathering classical flowers from the Arno and Ilissus, but revealing glimpses of barbaric grandeur amidst the darkness of Runic Mythology—when we recollect his "*thoughts that breathe and words that burn*"—his rich personifications, and prominent images, and the crowning charm of his versification, we may safely pronounce that Johnson's critical fulminations have passed over his literary character with more noise than destruction."

'The obscurity so often objected to Gray is certainly a defect not to be justified by the authority of Pindar, more than any thing else that is intrinsically objectionable. But it has been exaggerated: he is no where so obscure as not to be intelligible by recurring to the passage. And it may be further observed, that Gray's lineal obscurity never arises, as in some writers, from undefined ideas or paradoxical sentiments. On the contrary his moral spirit is as explicit as it is majestic, and, deeply read as he was in Plato he is never metaphysically perplexed. The fault of his meaning is to be latent, not indefinite or confused. When we give his beauties re-perusal and attention, they kindle and multiply to the view. The thread of association that conducts to his remote allusions, or that connects his abrupt transitions, ceases then to be invisible. His lyrical pieces are like paintings on glass, which must be placed in a strong light to give out the perfect radiance of their colouring.'

ENCOMIUMS ON GRAY.

TO

MR. GRAY, UPON HIS ODES.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.*

Refine not, Gray, that our weak dazzled eyes
Thy daring heights and brightness shun;
How few can trace the eagle to the skies,
Or like him, gaze upon the sun!

Each gentle reader loves the gentle Muse,
That little dares, and little means;
Who humbly sips her learning from Reviews,
Or flutters in the Magazines.

No longer now from Learning's sacred store
Our minds their health and vigour draw;
Homer and Pindar are rever'd no more,
No more the Stagyrite is law.

Though nurs'd by these, in vain thy Muse appears
To breathe her ardours in our souls;
In vain to sightless eyes and deaden'd ears,
The lightning gleams, the thunder rolls:

* From an original MS. in the possession of Isaac Reed, Esq.

Yet droop not GRAY, nor quit thy heav'n-born art,
Again thy wondrous powers eveal;
Wake slumbering Virtue in the Briton's heart,
And rouse us to reflect and feel!

With ancient deeds our long-chill'd bosoms fire,
Those deeds that mark Eliza's reign!
Make Britons Greeks again—then strike the lyre,
And Pindar shall not sing in vain.

ODE TO MR. GRAY,

ON THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING, IN THE YEAR 1742.

BY RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

DEAR GRAY, that always in my heart
Possessest far the better part,
What mean these sudden blasts that rise
And drive the Zephyrs from the skies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invocate the tardy May!

Come, fairest Nymph, resume thy reign!
Bring all the Graces in thy train!
With balmy breath and flowery tread,
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;
Where, in elysian slumber bound,
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories dress'd,
Recal the Zephyrs from the west;
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and Nature's call, arise!
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid;
The labours of Pomona fade:
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree;
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
The birds forget to love and sing;
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
Create, where'er thou turn'st thine eye,
Peace, Plenty, Love, and Harmony;
Till every being share its part,
And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart.

EPITAPH

ON

MR. GRAY'S MONUMENT,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

BY MR. MASON.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of GRAY.

SELECT POEMS.

ODES.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
  Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
  And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
  The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs, through the clear blue sky
  Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade,*
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

* ——————— a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.
Shakſp. Mids. Night's Dream.

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:*
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.†

To Contemplation's sober eye‡
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through Life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dress'd:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

* Nare per aestatem liquidam——.
Virgil Georg. lib. 4.

† —— sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.
Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.
M. Green, in the Grotto.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ON

THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd,
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through riches purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters gold.

ON

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπος ικανη προφασις ως το δυσυχειν.

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S holy shade;*
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights the' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,†
To breathe a second spring.

* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

† And bees their honey redolent of spring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
  The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
  And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly the' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart:
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild*
Amid severest woe.

* And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palemon and Arcite.

Years beneath
are seen,
ly of Death,
than their Queen:
oints, this fires the veins,
uring sinew strains,
deeper vitals rage:
o fill the band,
ıe soul with icy hand,
onsuming Age.

sufferings: all are men,
'd alike to groan;
for another's pain,
eeling for his own.
hy should they know their fate,
row never comes too late,
ppiness too swiftly flies?
would destroy their paradise.
:—where ignorance is bliss,
olly to be wise.

TO ADVERSITY.

——— Ζεὺς
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, *in Agam.*

AUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
iron scourge and torturing hour
Those bad affright, afflict the best!

Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωναντα συνετοισιν ες
Δε το παν ερμηνεων
Χατιζα.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,*
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp —*David's Psalms.*
Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αιολι μολπη Αιολιδες χορδαι, Αιολιδων πνοαι, αυλων, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.
The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour: [roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,*
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand†
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wind:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers, as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

I. 3.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey,*
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
  Now pursuing, now retreating,
  Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
  Glance their many twinkling feet.†
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare
  Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
  In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.‡

II. 1.

  Man's feeble race what ills await!§
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
  And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγας θηωτο ποδων· θαυμαζε δε θυμω.
Homer, Od. Θ

‡ Δαμπει δ' επι πορφυρεησι
Παρειησι φως ερωτος.
Phrynicus apud Athenæum.

§ To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar* [war.
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of

II. 2.

†In climes beyond the solar road,‡
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chief, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame, [flame.
The' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,§
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,

* Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar. *Cowley.*

† Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

‡ 'Extra anni solisque vias—' *Virgil.*
'Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.'
Petrarch, Canzon. 2.

§ Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling* laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;

England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

* Shakspeare.

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime*
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstacy,
The secrets of the' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the the flaming bounds of Place and Time,†
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,‡
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.§
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,‖ [ing pace.¶
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resound-

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.**

* Milton.

† ——flammantia mœnia mundi. *Lucretius.*

‡ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Ezekiel*, i. 20. 26. 28.

§ Οφθαλμων μεν αμερσε· δηδε δ' ηδυαν αοιδην. *Hom. Od.*

‖ Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

¶ Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? *Job.*

** Words that weep, and tears that speak. *Cowley.*

But ah! 'tis heard no more*———
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now! Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear.†
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount and keep his distant wi
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, [
Beneath the Good how far—but far abov

* We have had in our language no other odes of the su kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day.

† Διος αιετος οργιχα θυων. Olymp. 2. Pindar compare self to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak a mour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless c noise.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I. 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.†
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,‡
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

* This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the first, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

The original argument of this Ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his common-place book, was as follows: 'The army of Edward I. as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretels the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot.'

† Mocking the air with colours idly spread.
Shakspeare's King John.

‡ The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride*
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side†
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloster stood aghast‡ in speechless trance :
To arms ! cried Mortimer,§ and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood :
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair ‖
Stream'd, like a meteor,¶ to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

* The crested adder's pride. *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

† *Snowden* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welch themselves call *Craigian-eryri:* it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far as the river Conway.

‡ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

§ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were *Lords Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

‖ The image was taken from a well known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

¶ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore* they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by,†
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,‡
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowden, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowden is called *the Eagle's nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.)

‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart—— *Shakspeare's Jul. Cæsar.*

No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join, [line.*
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy

II. 1.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright [ring,
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that
Shrieks of an agonizing King!† .
She-wolf of France,‡ with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate.
From thee be born,§ who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What Terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!‖

* See the Norwegian ode, The Fatal Sisters, hereafter.
† Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.
‡ Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.
§ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.
‖ Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

'No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled?*
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn,† and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,‡
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,§
Lance to lance, and horse to horse;
Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

* Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

† Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.

‡ Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

§ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

'Ye tow'rs of Julius,* London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith,† his Father's fame,‡
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.§
Above, below, the rose of snow,‖
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar¶ in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, Brothers, bending o'er the' accursed loom.
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom,

III. 1.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.**
(The web is wove. The work is done,)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn!

* Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

‡ Henry the Fifth.

§ Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

‖ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

¶ The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

** Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.*
All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!†

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a Form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,‡
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Talliessin,§ hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

* It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and would return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Thalliesin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, 'And thus she lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie cheekes.'

§ Talliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,*
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
In buskin'd measures move†
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,‡
Gales from blooming Eden bear:
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,§
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke; and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Spenser's Proem to the Fairy Queen.

† Shakspeare.

‡ Milton.

§ The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

*FOR MUSIC.**

AIR.

'HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers [flowers.
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in

CHORUS.

'Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!'

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear the' indignant lay;
There sit the sainted Sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,

* This Ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University. It is here printed with the divisions adopted by the composer, Dr. Randall, then professor of music at Cambridge.

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude.'

RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!*
'Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.†

AIR.

'Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round Heav'n's altar shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

'Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.

* Countess of Richmond and Derby: the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

† The countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath that Cecil wore* she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While Spirits bless'd above, and Men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

'Through the wild waves as they roar
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.'

*Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

*THE FATAL SISTERS;**

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower†
Hurtles in the darken'd air.‡

* To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus.

Vitt et orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas day (the day of the battle) a native of *Caithness*, in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the *Valkyriur*, female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the Slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or Paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

† How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them, shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower.—
Milton's Paradise Regained.

‡ The noise of battle hurtled in the air.
Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

Glittering lances are the loom
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin* weep
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep;
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death:
Sisters, cease: the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

* Ireland.

Mortal thou, that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

*THE DESCENT OF ODIN.**

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.†
Him the Dog of Darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.

* The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de Causis contemnendæ Mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

† *Niflheimr*, the Hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of Hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbless'd,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread?
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n,
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise. and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the Author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who the' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Propheteſs, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightieſt of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Propheteſs of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till LOK* has burst his tenfold chain;

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the

Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

*THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.**

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE WELCH.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's† shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,

human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see 'Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemare, par Mons. Mallet,' 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled 'Northern Antiquities;' in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

* From Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welch Poetry; London, 1764, quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North Wales.

On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin* ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;†
In glittering arms and glory dress'd,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menaï rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * * * *

* Denmark.

† The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all descendants bore on their banners.

*THE DEATH OF HOEL.**

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
To rush and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

* From the Welch of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Talliesin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin.
See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71 and 73.

*A LONG STORY.**

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:†
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands.

To raise the ceilings fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;‡
The seals and maces danc'd before him.

* Mr. Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard, before it appeared in print, was handed about in manuscript; and amongst other eminent personages who saw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who resided at the Mansion-House, at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance; and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary mansion, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left their names and a billet. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance, he soon after gave a fanciful and pleasant account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled, '*A Long Story.*'

† The Mansion-House, at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon, and the family of Hatton.

‡ Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then in vogue.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pie from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heav'n
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air——
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her,
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,*
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp, they call a Poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

* The allusion here is to Mr. Robert Purt, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; who died of the small-pox, April, 1752, soon after the publication of the Poem. He was a neighbour of Mr. Gray's, when the latter resided at Stoke.

Into the drawers and china pry,
  Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
  Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will, believe?)
  But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
  He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
  The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
  But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
  The Poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
  And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
  The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great House
  He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
  For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
  And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush on recollection,
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was sate, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack* has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand entry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes the chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib,†
And all that Groom‡ could urge against him.

* The Housekeeper.
† The Steward.
‡ Groom of the Chamber.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Macleane.*

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
'How in the park beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

'He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjuror taken.'

The ghostly prudes, with hagged face,
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My Lady rose, and with a grace——
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

'Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Viscountess mean?
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
The times are alter'd quite and clean!

'Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
Speak to a Commoner and Poet!'

[*Here 500 Stanzas are lost.*]

* A famous highwayman hanged the week before.

And so God save our noble King,
  And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
  And keep my Lady from her rubbers.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,*
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

* ——— squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
Dante Purgat. l. 8.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

*Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

* Between this and the preceding stanza, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the Poem, were the four following:—

The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

And here the Poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed swain, &c. suggested itself to him.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes* live their wonted fires.†

For thee, who, mindful of the' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate?—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,‡

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di favil'e.
Petrarch, Son. 169.

† Variation:—Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

‡ Variation:—On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

After which, in the first manuscript, followed this stanza:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

*THE EPITAPH.**

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

* Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines, however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
  He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a
    friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling* hope repose,)
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

* ——— paventosa speme.
Petrarch. Son. 114.

ODE

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.*

Now the golden Morn aloft
  Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
  She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
  The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstacy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul, on wings of fire,
  Rise the rapturous choir among;
Hark! tis Nature strikes the lyre,
  And leads the general song:

* Left unfinished by Mr. Gray; with additions, in brackets, by Mr. Mason. The first idea of this Ode was taken from M. Gresset's 'Epitre à ma Sœur.'

[Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.]

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
  Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crytalline well,
  And tastes it as it goes.
[While far below the maddening crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,]
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,
  [Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,]
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
  Their dull, but daily round:
[To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy?

Mark Ambition's march sublime
  Up to power's meridian height;
While pale-ey'd Envy sees him climb,
  And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head;
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

Happier he, the Peasant, far,
  From the pangs of Passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
  Of rugged Penury.

He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

He, unconscious whence the bliss,
  Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
  Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day, the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heaven's best treasures, Peace and Health.]

*AN IMITATION FROM THE GODODIN.**

Have ye seen the tusky Boar,
Or the Bull with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caradoc bore his lance.

Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the Bard,
Verse, the Hero's sole reward!
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

* See 'The Death of Hoel,' p. 59.

TRANSLATION

OF

A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.*

THIRD in the labours of the Disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high:
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar:
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulyses 'scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

* This was made by Mr. Gray while at Cambridge, in the year 1736, and at the age of twenty. Mr. Mason expressed his belief that it was Gray's first attempt in English verse.

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.*

Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again!
But chiefly thee, whose influence breath'd from high,
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary Power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful do'st thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense!
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.
Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?

* This is supposed to have been written about the year 1742, the time when Mr. Gray returned to Cambridge.

Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was ignorance and all was Night.
Oh! sacred ages! Oh! times for ever lost!
(The Schoolman's glory, and the Churchman's boast.)
For ever gone—yet still to Fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the Grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
****a team of harness'd monarchs bend
* * * * * * * * *

THE ALLIANCE
OF
EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

ESSAY 1.

——Ποταγω γαθε; ταν γαξ αοιδαν
Ουτι πω τις Αιδαν γε τον ωλελαδοιλα φυλαξεις.
THEOCRITUS.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins;

And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal Justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er the' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial Heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain:
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The' event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe:
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace:
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the' unwilling deep:
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war:
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate South to the Destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue:
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the Northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?

And, where the face of Nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence s
springs,
By Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts, and through Zembla's snow
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracks enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty groun
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain
And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed

From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.
* * * * * * * * * * *

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.*

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire!
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields assume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the' imperfect joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

* Only son of the Right Hon. Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He died, June 1, 1742, in the 26th year of his age.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. CLARKE.*

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps:
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant Image here below
Sits smiling on a Father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till Time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH†

ON SIR WILLIAM PEERE WILLIAMS,

Captain in Burgoyne's Dragoons.

Here, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

* The wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom; died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the Church of Beckenham, Kent.

† This Epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a Monument at

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,*
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy Friendship bends and weeps.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.†

A FRAGMENT.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her Sister-Art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake!

Belleisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.

* In the Expedition to Aix, he was on board the Magnanime, with Lord Howe; and was deputed to receive the capitulation.

† Mr. Bentley had made a set of Designs for Mr. Gray's Poems.

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heav'n:

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy *impart;*
And as their pleasing influence *flows confess'd,*
A sigh of soft reflection *heave the heart.**

SONG.†

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore
In the Spring he would return—
Ah! what means the opening flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!

* The words in *Italic* were supplied by Mr. Mason.

† Written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old Air of Geminiani: the thought from the French.

'Twas the nightingale that sung!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why such unavailing haste!
Gentle gales and sky serene
Prove not always Winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

*AMATORY LINES.**

With Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning;
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!—
Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befel me?
They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia can tell me!

* This jeu d'esprit was found among the MSS. of Gray, and printed in a Note in the second volume of Warton's Edition of Pope.

*TOPHET.**

AN EPIGRAM.

THUS Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him friend.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rung through Hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1776, OF THE SEAT AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN,

At Kingsgate, Kent.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H——d form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice: [sand;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

* Mr. Etough, of Cambridge University, the person satirized, was as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character, as for his personal appearance. A Mr. Tyson, of Bene't College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Mr. Gray, who embellished it with the above lines. Some information respecting Mr. Etough, (who was Rector of Therfield, Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire,) may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvi. pp. 25. 281.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

'Ah!' said the sighing peer, 'had B—te been true,
Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had bless'd our view,
And realiz'd the beauties which we feign:

'Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls:
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.'

THE CANDIDATE:

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.*

When sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold,

* This tart lampoon was written a short time previous to the Election of a High Steward of the University of Cambridge, for which office the Noble Lord alluded to made an active canvass.

'Lord! sister,' says PHYSIC to LAW, 'I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air
Not I for the Indies:—You know I'm no prude,—
But his name is a shame,—and his eyes are so lew
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dea
'I don't know,' says LAW, 'but methinks f
his look
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book;
Then his character, PHYZZY,—his morals—his life
When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wi
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and w—
And all the town rings of his swearing and roarin
His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks;
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six!'
DIVINITY heard, between waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing:
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
She strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down h
band—
'What a pother is here about wenching and roarin
Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon w—g:
Did not Israel filch from the' Egyptians of old
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold?
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie:
He drinks—so did Noah;—he swears—so do I:
To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd;
Besides, he repents—for he talks about G**—
[*To* Jemmy.]
Never hang down your head, you poor penitent e
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. TWITCHER myself.'

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SKETCH

OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.*

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No VERY GREAT WIT, HE BELIEV'D IN A GOD.
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and Squire.†

* This was written in 1761, and found in one of Mr. Gray's pocket-books.

† At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

POEMATA.

HYMENÆAL.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.*

Ignaræ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divum, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:

Scilicit ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentiæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicit ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus;
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratiæ sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

* Printed in the Cambridge collection.

Tuque Oh! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum ; quid imagine captus
Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris : nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore :
Tanta Venus potuit ; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Atolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt ;
Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia ; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido ;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fructusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit ;
At citius (precor) Oh ! cedas melioribus astris :
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam ;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras :
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent ;
Ilicet haud pictæ incandescit imaginæ formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venus
Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vuln
narrat:
Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœminæam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia surgi
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburnæ.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll

SAPPHIC ODE:

TO MR. WEST.*

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere nocti;

* Mr. Mason considered this as the first original production Mr. Gray's Muse; because verses imposed, either by sch masters or tutors, ought not to be taken into the consideratio

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonî
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo, Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris: amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur Furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multâ flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus?

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACHRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
Rea Taurini fu era, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora solves.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE THE BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

Qua Trebiæ glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ,
Et Pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

CARMEN.

AD C. FAVONIUM, ZEPHYRINUM.*

Mater rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertum fallere quâ diem
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax

* Written by Mr. Gray immediately after his journey to Frescati and the cascades of Tivoli, which he had described in a preceding letter to his friend Mr. West.

Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audîsse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naiasin ingeminâsse rupes:
Nam me Latinæ Naiades uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quà niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique sontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen:
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM.[*]

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille din, et veteri desuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam nescius umbræ;

[*] Sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to Sandys's Travels, book iv. pages 275, 277, and 278. A translation of this poem may be seen in the Gent. Mag. for July, 1775.

Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos,
Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctus)
Unà colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor

Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare! adeò undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera saxis:
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;
Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.
Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

A FARWELL TO FLORENCE.

* * Oh Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Appennini
Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ!
Non ego vos posthàc Arni de valle videbo

Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

IMITATION OF A SONNET

OF SIGNIOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

Spesso Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto:
Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr'egli, è l'istesso Amor.

Lusit amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor.
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas;
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

ALCAIC ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE,

In Dauphiny, August 1741.

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;

Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
  Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
    Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
  Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
    Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
  Vetat volentem, me resorbens
    In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
  Tutumque vulgari tumultu
    Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF AN

HEROIC EPISTLE,

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

Eheu quid accipio promissi Munus amoris,
  Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
  Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
  Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Massinissa, triumphi
  Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis
  Objecta et sævæ plausibus urbis eo:

Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ!
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si tardius utar
Munere. Non nimiùm vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requi-
Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam, [rit:
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsán meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas
(Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
Sensi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
Crediderамque tuos lentius ire pedes.

Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
  Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
  Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi:
  Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;
  Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.

* * * *

FRAGMENTS OF A POEM,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI,

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

Unde Animus scire incipiat: quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
O Decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si quà primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia
  Mentis.

Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favoni,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus, [quid
Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quic-
Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secundent.
Hinc variæ vitaï artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque
Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.

Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno:
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.

Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.
Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.
Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis, [ille
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellîsque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat,
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adcò Natura bonique, malique,

Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.
Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque choris sequitur, motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere creda
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis;
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.
Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur
Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.
Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris

Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quà se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras Panchaïa quales
Vere nova exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci
Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intùs agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum

Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt ;
Hæ privos servant aditus ; sine legibus illæ
Passim, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propin-
Respice, cui a cunis tristes extinxit ocellos, [quant,
Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras :
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu :
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua
duplex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.
Undique proporrò sociis, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm
Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.

Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum;
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.
Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominùs interdum non ullo interprete per se
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * *

LIBER QUARTUS.

Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amentem

Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!
At Tu, santa anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque ô si secura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olìm miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo: quod possum, juxtà lugere sepulchrum
Dum javat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * *

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THIS extraordinary young man was born on the 20th of November, 1752. His father was originally a writing usher to a school in Bristol, afterwards a singing man in the Cathedral, and lastly master of a free school in the same city. He died about three months before this son was born.—It is not quite unimportant, although in any other case it might seem ridiculous, to add that Chatterton was descended from a long line of ancestors who held the office of sexton of the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe: for it was in the muniment room of this Church that the materials were found from which he constructed that system of imposture which has rendered his name celebrated, and his history interesting.

At five years of age he was sent to the free school, then superintended by a Mr. Love, but here he improved so little that his mother took him back. While under her care his childish attention is said to have been engaged by the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which circumstance encouraged her to initiate him in the alphabet, and she afterwards taught him to read from an old blackletter Testament or Bible.

His next remove was to Colston's charity school, at the age of eight years, where he was taught reading, writing and arithmetic, at the daily rate of nine hours in Summer and seven in winter. Such at least was the prescribed discipline of the school, although far more tedious than a boy of his capacity required. One of his masters, Phillips, whom he has celebrated in an elegy, was a frequent writer of verses in the magazines, and was the means of exciting a degree of poetical emulation among his scholars, but to this Chatterton appeared for some time quite indifferent. About his tenth year he began to read from inclination, sometimes having his books from a circulating library, and sometimes borrowing them from his friends; and before he was twelve, had gone through about seventy volumes, principally history and divinity. Before this time he had composed some verses, particularly those entitled Apostate Will, which, although they bear no comparison with what he afterwards produced, discover at that early age a disposition to personal satire, and a consciousness of superior sense. It would be more remarkable, were it true, that while at this school he is said to have shown to his master Philips, one of those manuscripts which he pretended had been found in a chest in Redcliffe Church, but as neither Phillips, nor another person to whom this treasure was exhibited, could read it, the commencement of his Rowleian impostures must be postponed to a later period. At school he had gathered some knowledge of music, drawing, and arithmetic, and with this stock he was bound apprentice, July, 1767, to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol, for seven years. His apprenticeship seems to have been of the lower order, and his situation more resembling that of a servant than a pupil. His chief employment was to copy precedents, which frequently did not require more than two hours in a day. The

rest of his time was probably filled up by the desultory course of reading which he had begun at school, and which terminated chiefly in the study of the old English phraseology, heraldry and miscellaneous antiquities: of the two last he acquired, not a profound knowledge, but enough to enable him to create fictions capable of deceiving those who had less. His general conduct during his apprenticeship was decent and regular. On one occasion only his master thought him deserving of correction for writing an abusive letter, in a feigned hand, to his old schoolmaster.

In the beginning of October 1768, the completion of the new bridge at Bristol suggested to him a fit opportunity for playing off the first of his public deceptions. This was an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, said to be taken from an ancient manuscript, a copy of which he sent to Farley's Bristol Journal, in a short letter signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis. Such a memoir, at so critical a time, naturally excited attention, and Farley, who was called upon to give up its author, after much inquiry, discovered that Chatterton had sent it. Chatterton was consequently interrogated, probably without much ceremony, where he had obtained it. And here his disposition showed itself in a manner highly affecting in one so young, for he had not yet reached his sixteenth year, and according to all that can be gathered, had not been corrupted either by precept or example. 'To the threats,' we are told, 'of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account. By milder usuage he was somewhat softened, and appeared inclined to give all the information in his power.' The effect, however, of this mild usage was, that instead of all or any part of the information in his power, he tried two different falsehoods: the first, 'that he

was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love.' But as this story was to rest on proofs which he could not produce, he next asserted, 'that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church. As this last story is the foundation of the whole controversy respecting Chatterton, it will be necessary to give the circumstances as related in his life, written for the Biographia Britannica, and prefixed to the recent edition of his works.

Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt by Mr. W. Canynge, (an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the fifteenth century, and in the reign of Edward the Fourth) there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited five or six chests, one of which, in particular, was called Mr. Canynge's coffer; this chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, two of which were intrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the church wardens. In process of time, however, the six keys appear to have been lost; and about the year 1727, a notion prevailed that some title deeds, and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's coffer. In consequence of this opinion, an order of vestry was made, that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney: and that those writings which appeared of consequence be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were all broken open.

The deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, and the other manuscripts were left exposed, as of no value. Considerable depredations had, from time to time, been committed upon them, by different persons; but the most insatiate of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle being sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, gave him free access to the church. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments, and one time alone, with the assistance of his boys, is known to have filled a large basket with them. They were deposited in a cupboard in the school, and employed for different purposes, such as the covering of copy-books, &c.; in particular, Mr. Gibbs, the minister of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty Bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve these books from being damaged, covered them with some of the parchments. At his death, the widow, being under a necessity of removing, carried the remainder of them to her own habitation. Of the discovery of their value by the younger Chatterton, the account of Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance, which he gave to Dr. Glynn, of Cambridge, is too interesting to be omitted.

When young Chatterton was first articled to Mr. Lamberton, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread paper. He found not only the writings to be very old, and the characters very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was very much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon further inquiry, he was

led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained. The bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley; whom Chatterton, at first, called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. Such, at least, appears to be the account which Chatterton thought proper to give, and which he wished to be believed. It is, indeed, confirmed by the testimony of his mother and sister. Mrs. Chatterton informed a friend of the dean of Exeter, that on her removal from Pyle street, she emptied the cupboard of its contents, partly into a large long deal box, where her husband used to keep his clothes, and partly into a small oak box, of a smaller size, carrying both, with their contents, to her lodgings, where, according to her account, they continued neglected and undisturbed, till her son first discovered their value: who, having examined their contents, told his mother that 'he had found a treasure, and was so glad, nothing could be like it.' That he then removed all these parchments out of the large long deal box, in which his father used to keep his clothes, into the square oak box; that he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house for more parchments, and, from time to time, carried away those he had already found, by pockets full; that one day, happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of those parchments, he swore a great oath, and, stripping the book, put the cover into his pocket, and carried it away: at the same time stripping a common little Bible, but finding no writing upon the cover, replaced it again very leisurely. Upon being informed of the manner in which his father had procured the parchments, he went himself to the place, and picked up four more.

Such is the story of the discovery of the poems attributed to Rowley, which Chatterton made up

for the credulity of his mother, and other friends, who could not read the parchments, on which he affected to set so high a value, and which he afterwards endeavoured to render of public importance, by producing these wonderful treasures of Canynge's coffer. In his attempt, already related, respecting the old bridge, he had not been eminently successful, owing to his prevarication. He now imparted some of these manuscripts to Geo. Catcott, a pewterer of Bristol, who had heard of the discovery, and desired to be introduced to Chatterton. The latter very readily gave him the Bristowe Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph on Canynge's ancestor, and some smaller pieces. These Catcott communicated to Mr. Barret, a surgeon, who was writing a history of Bristol, and would naturally be glad to add to its honours that of having produced such a poet as Rowley. In Chatterton's conversations with Barret and Catcott, he appears to have been driven to many prevarications, sometimes owning that he had destroyed several of these valuable manuscripts; and at other times asserting that he was in possession of others, which he could not produce. These contradictions must have entirely destroyed his evidence in any other case, in the opinion of thinking and impartial judges; but the historian of Bristol could not forego the hopes of enriching his book by originals of so great importance; and, having obtained from Chatterton several fragments, some of considerable length, he actually printed them as authentic in his history, long after the controversy ceased, which had convinced the learned world that he had been egregiously duped.

In return for these contributions, Barret and Catcott supplied Chatterton occasionally with money, and introduced him into company. At his request, too, Mr. Barret lent our poet some medical authors, and gave him a few instructions in

surgery; but still his favourite studies were heraldry and English antiquities, which he pursued with as much success as could be expected from one who knew no language but his own. Camden's Britannia appears to have been a favourite book, and he copied the glossaries of Chaucer and others, with indefatigable perseverance, storing his memory with antiquated words. Even Bailey's Dictionary has been proved to have afforded him many of those words, which the advocates for Rowley thought could be known only to a writer of his pretended age. During these various pursuits, he employed his pen in essays, in prose and verse, chiefly of the satirical kind. He appears to have read the party pamphlets of the day, and imbibed much of their abusive spirit. In 1769, we find him a very considerable contributor to the Town and Country Magazine, which began about that time. His ambition seems to have been to rise to eminence entirely by the efforts of his genius, either in his own character, or that of some of the heroes of the Redcliffe Chest, in which he was perpetually discovering a most convenient variety of treasure, with which to reward his admirers, and secure their patronage.

Mr. Burgum, another pewterer, maintains the authenticity of Rowley's poems. Chatterton rewards him with a pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror; allying him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and presents him with the Romaunt of the Cnyght, a poem, written by Jno. de Bergham, one of his own ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before. In order to obtain the good opinion of his relation, Mr. Stephens, of Salisbury, he informs him that he is descended from Fitz-stephens, grandson of the venerable Odo, earl of Blois, and lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095. In this manner Chatterton contrived to impose on men who had no means of appreciating the value of what he

communicated, and were willing to believe what, for one reason or other, they wished to be true. But the most remarkable of his pretended discoveries issued in an application to one who was not so easily to be deceived. This was the celebrate Horace Walpole, the late lord Orford, who had not long before completed his Anecdotes of Painters. In March, 1769, Chatterton, with his usual attention to the wants or prejudices of the persons on whom he wished to impose, sent to Mr. Walpole a letter, offering to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had flourished at Bristol; and remitted also a small specimen of poems of the same era. Mr. Walpole, although he could not, as he informs us, very readily swallow 'a series of great painters at Bristol,' appears to have been in some measure pleased with the offer, and discovered beauties in the verses sent. He therefore returned a polite and thankful letter, desiring further information. From this letter, Chatterton appears to have thought he had made a conquest, and, in his answer, ventured to come to the direct purpose of his application. He informed his correspondent that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was an apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him the specimen already transmitted, as well as a pastoral (Elinoure and Juga) which accompanied this second letter. He hinted also a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull a profession, by procuring him some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius. Mr. Walpole immediately submitted the poems to Gray and Mason, who at first sight pronounced them forgeries; on which he returned Chatterton an answer,

advising him to apply to the duties of his profession, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leisure of which he was desirous. This produced a peevish letter from Chatterton, requesting the manuscripts back. Owing to Mr. Walpole's taking a trip to Paris, the poems were returned in a blank cover. This affront, as Chatterton considered it, he never forgave.

About this time (1769) we are told, that Chatterton became an infidel. One effect of his infidelity, it is said, was to render the idea of suicide familiar. Besides repeatedly intimating to Mr. Lambert's servants that he intended to put an end to his life, he left a paper in sight of some of the family, specifying the day on which he meant to carry this purpose into execution. The reason assigned for this appointment was the refusal of a gentleman whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, to supply him with money. It has since been supposed to have been merely an artifice to get rid of his apprenticeship, and this certainly was the consequence, as Mr. Lambert did not choose that his house should be honoured by such an act of heroism. He had now served this gentleman about two years and ten months, during which he learned so little of law as to be unable to draw up the necessary document respecting the dissolution of his apprenticeship. We have seen how differently his time was employed, and there is reason to think that he had fabricated the whole of his Rowleian poetry and antique manuscripts during his apprenticeship, and before he left Bristol.

His object now was to go to London, where he had full confidence that his talents would be duly honoured. He had written letters to several booksellers of that city, who encouraged him to reside among them. Some literary adventurers would have entered on such a plan with diffidence; and of many who have become authors by profession,

the greater part may plead the excuse that they neither foresaw nor understood the many mortifications and difficulties that are to be surmounted. Chatterton, on the contrary, set out with the confidence of a man who has laid his plans in such deep wisdom that he thinks it impossible they should fail. He boasted to his correspondents of three distinct resources, one at least of which was unfortunately in his own power. He first meant to employ his pen; then to turn methodist preacher; and if both should fail, to shoot himself. As his friends do not appear to have taken any steps to rectify his notions on these schemes, it is probable that they either did not consider him as serious, or had given him up, as one above all advice, and curable only by a little experience, which they were not sorry he should acquire in his own way, and at his own expense. His first literary attempts by which he was to realize the dreams of presumption, were of the political kind, chiefly satires against the members and friends of administration.

In March, 1770, he wrote a poem called Kew Gardens, part of which only has been published. On his arrival in London, near the end of April, he received, according to his own account, the most flattering encouragements, and various employments were recommended to him. Among other schemes was a history of London, which, if he had lived to complete it, must have been a suitable companion to Mr. Barret's history of Bristol. In the mean time he wrote for many of the magazines and newspapers; his principal contributions appeared in the Freeholder's Magazine, the Town and Country, the Court and City, the Political Register, and the Gospel Magazine. He wrote songs also for the public gardens, and for some time got so much money that he thought himself comparatively affluent, and able to provide for his mother and sister, whose hearts he gladdened by frequent intimations

of his progress. During this career he became acquainted with Wilkes, and with Beckford, who was then lord mayor. These patriots, however, he soon discovered were not so ready with their money as with their praise; and as the former appears to have been his only object, he had some thoughts of writing for the ministerial party. After Beckford's death, which he affected to lament as his ruin, he addressed a letter to lord North, signed Moderator, complimenting administration for rejecting the city remonstrance, and one of the same date, signed Probus, abusing administration for the same measure.

While he was thus engaged his letters to all his friends continued to be full of the brightest prospects of honours and wealth. But about the month of July some revolution appears to have taken place in his mind, or his affairs, which speedily put an end to all his hopes. Of what nature this was remains yet a secret. About the time mentioned, he removed from a house in Shore-ditch, where he had hitherto lived, to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sack maker in Brook street, Holborn, where he became poor and unhappy, abandoning his literary pursuits, and projecting to go out to Africa as a naval surgeon's mate: he had picked up some knowledge of surgery from Mr. Barret, and now requested that gentleman's recommendation, which Mr. Barret, who knew his versatile turn, and how unfit, in other respects, he was for the situation, thought proper to refuse. It is certain, that he no longer employed his pen, and that the short remainder of his days was spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death, he refused with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry, although he had not eaten any thing for two or three days. On the 25th of August he was dead, in consequence, as it

supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell in the burying ground belonging to Shoe lane workhouse. Previous to this rash act he appears to have destroyed all his manuscripts, as the room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper. It has been regretted that we know very little of the life of this extraordinary young man, whose writings have since become an object of so much curiosity: and great surprise has been expressed, that, from the many with whom he appears to have been acquainted, no more information has been obtained. For this, however, various reasons may be assigned, which will lessen the wonder. In the first place, his fame, using that word in its most common application, was confined principally to his native city, and there it appears that his friends undervalued his talents, because they considered him in no better light than that of an unprincipled young man, who had accidentally become possessed of certain ancient manuscripts, some of which he had given up, some he had mutilated, and the rest he had destroyed. He was with them an illiterate charity boy, the runaway apprentice or hackney writer of an attorney; and after he came to London, they appear to have made very few inquiries after him. Again, in London, notwithstanding his boasting letters to his mother and sister, he rose to no high rank among the reputable writers of the day. But there cannot be a more decisive proof of the little regard he attracted in London than the secrecy and silence which accompanied his death. He died, a coroner's jury sat upon the body, and he was buried among paupers, so long before his acquaintance heard of these circumstances, that it was with some difficulty they could be traced with any degree of authenticity. And lastly, it does not appear that any inquiries were made into his early

history for nearly seven years after his death, when the Poems of Rowley were first published, and led the way to a very acute and long protracted discussion on their merits. It may be added, too, that they who contended for the authenticity of the poems, were for sinking every circumstance that could prove the genius of Chatterton, until Mr. Thomas Warton, and some others, took the opposite side of the question, brought the poems to the internal evidence, and discovered, that however extraordinary it was for Chatterton to produce them in the eighteenth century, it was impossible that Rowley could have written them in the fifteenth. When public attention was at length called to Chatterton's history, his admirers took every step to excite compassion in his favour. It became the fashion to report that he was starved by an insensible age, or suffered by the neglect of patrons to perish in want of the common necessaries of life. But of this there is no satisfactory proof. The immediate cause of his death must, perhaps, ever remain a mystery. He had written so recently to his Bristol friends (about a month before) without a syllable indicating discontent or despair, that it was wholly unexpected on their part; but suicide at one time other, his biographers have proved, was his fixed purpose, and the execution of it was probably to depend on his disappointment in whatever wild or impracticable scheme he might meditate. He got enough in London, by his literary labours, to supply the decent necessaries of life, but his dreams of affluence were over, and had probably left that frightful void in his mind at which despair and disappointed pride entered.

The person of Chatterton is said to have been, like his genius, premature; he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about him singularly prepossessing. His most re-

markable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were uncommonly piercing; when he warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other. As to his genius, it must ever be the subject of admiration, whether he was or was not the author of the poems ascribed to Rowley. If we look at the poems avowedly his own, together with his productions in prose, where shall we find such various and indubitable proofs of genius, at so early an age, struggling against so many difficulties? Let us contemplate him as a young man, without classical education, and who knew nothing of literary society but during the few months of his residence in London; and if to this we add, what has been most decidedly proved, that he was not only the author of the poems attributed to Rowley, but consumed his early days in the laborious task of disguising them in the garb of antiquity, perpetually harassed by suspicion, and fearful of discovery; if likewise we reflect, that the whole of his career closed before he had completed his eighteenth year, we must surely allow that he was one of the most extraordinary beings of modern times. Still our admiration should be chastened by confining it to the single point of Chatterton's extreme youth. If we go farther, and consider Rowley's poems as the most perfect productions of any age; if, with Dean Milles, we prefer him to Homer, Virgil, Spencer, and Shakspeare, we go beyond all bounds of sober criticism, or rather we defy its laws. The general character of his works has been thus appreciated by lord Orford: 'His life,' says this critic, 'should be compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowlege of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition; his humour, his vein of satire, and, above all, the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to

a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except, at most, for the last five months of his life; the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion; and when added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended, and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man, possessed of such a vein of genuine poetry, would have submitted to lie concealed while he actuated a puppet; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescence of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius—and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed.'

We shall add the opinions of another critic concerning Chatterton, which deserve at least as much weight as those of Walpole.

'When we conceive,' says Campbell, 'the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to airy nothing a 'local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages from Rowley, and the delight which he took to contemplate the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, while

it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches, or other objects that struck his imagination.

'The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved, is little to be envied for its tranquillity; but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery, and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand, he would have probably ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for severe study, temperance, and natural affection. His Rowleian forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all fabrications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius; it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive to rob a party or a country of a name which was its pride and ornament. Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers, whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a methodist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and contempt of human credulity, that are not very amiable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth

and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice, when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them. If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependence on obsolete words. In the striking passage of the martyr Bawdin, standing erect in his car to rebuke Edward, who beheld him from the window, when

> 'The tyrant's soul rush'd to his face,'

and when he exclaimed

> 'Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
> He's greater than a king;'

in these, and in all the striking parts of the ballad, no effect is owing to mock antiquity, but to the simple and high conception of a great and just character, who

> 'Summ'd the actions of the day
> Each night before he slept.'

What a moral portraiture from the hand of a boy! The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the unknown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favourite maxim, pushed, it

might be, to hyperbole, that a man, by abstinence and perseverance, might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age.'

SELECT POEMS.

ECLOGUES.

The three first Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page: Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton. There is only one other poem in this book, viz. the fragment of Goddwyn, a Tragedie.

The fourth Eclogue is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago, by T. Rowley, secular priest. And it has the following subscription: D. B. Bristol, May, 1769. Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the magazine.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERTE AND RAUFE.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge from her lethal wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas honoure ledde the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote graie,

Twayne lonelie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie,)
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
First Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee be stronge,
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as our danger go.
To our grete wronges wee have enheped moe,
The baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe
That lyff, ytsel mie senses doe affraie.
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie tale,
Comme hear the balefull dome of Robynne of the dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne;
Gravots far-kend arounde the errmiets cell;
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte;
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde seyncte to warde the aye encreasynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees,
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges,* and embodyde trees,
Mie parker's grange, far spreedynge to the syghte,
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe yn fyghte,
Mie gorne emblaunched with the comfreie plante, [lyghte,
Mie floure Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.
I amm duressed unto sorrowes blowe, [flowe.
Ihantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie† untylle dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,
Whyche sleaeth everichone that cometh nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre.
I to bement haveth more cause than thee;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.

* Mr. Tyrwhitt asserts that this word is not to be found elsewhere.

† This word is explained, as Chatterton has interpreted it, by Kersey and Speght. But the compiler of Gloss. Ur. has observed, that *obay*, in the single passage of Chaucer, in which it occurs C. T. ver. 12034. is a misprint, and should be *abeye*, as it is printed in the last edition from the best MSS. The inference is plain enough, from whence the author of the poem got his word *obaie*, with its interpretation. *Tyrwhitt.*

Calked* from evrych joie, heere wylle I blede:
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn,† ystorven ys;
Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
Now from een logges fledden is selyness,
Mynsterres alleyn can boaste the hallie seyncte;
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse‡
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode,
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude.

* This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner: "Calked, exp. cast, credo, cast up." Chatterton did not attend to the difference between casting out, and casting up, i. e. casting up figures in calculation. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from the next article. "Calked for calculated. Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is probable too, I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of the Frankeleins Tale, which, in the common editions, stands thus:—"Full subtelly he had *calked* al this," where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculed*, the reading of the MSS. Tyrwhitt.

† Alone is never used for only; *solus* for *unicus*; *seul* for *unique*. The distinction I believe subsists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them in the following passage of Shakspeare, "Ah! no—it is my only son"—to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words. Tyrwhitt.

‡ When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask.
Shakspeare, Henry IV. p. 1.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede sea doe the banners gleme,
The amenused nationnes be aston,
To ken syke large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme.
The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme;
Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake riese;
The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme
Conteke the dynnynge ayre, and reche the skies.
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,
Decorn with fonnes rare, doe shemrynge ryse;
Upswalynge doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore red estells in the eve merk skyes;
The nome-depeyncted shields, the speres aryse,
Alyche talle roshes on the water syde; [flyes;
Alenge from bark to bark the bryghte sheene
Sweft-kerv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie. [there,
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and
Onknowlachynge inne whatte place to obaie.
The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
The mittee crosse Jerusalim ys seene;

Dhereof the syghte yer corrage doe affraie,
In balefull dole their faces be ywreene.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers and cottes, soe swyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere
Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftsoones hys squyer, with his shielde and spere.
The jynynge shieldes doe shemre and moke glare;
The dosheynge oare doe make gemoted dynne;
The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to dare,
Boun the merk swerde, theie seche to fraie, theie blyn.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rychard, lyche a lyoncel of warre,
In sheenynge goulde, lyke feerie gronfers,* dyghte,

* Mr. Bryant has a curious remark upon this word. "It is here said to be derived from *gron*, a *fen*, and *fer*, *a corruption of fire*. Hence we may perceive that it is taken for a common *ignis fatuus*; the same which the country people style a *Will of the wisp* and *Jack-a-lantern*. On this account the expositor has been induced to derive it from *gron* a *fen*. But there is nothing in an *ignis fatuus* which agrees with the description here given. This meteor, the *ignis fatuus*, is represented as a vague, playful and innocent light, in which there is nothing terrible or alarming. Besides a *gronfire* is plainly a *ground-fire* from *gron** and *grun*, *solum*. See Olai Verelii Lexicon Sueo. Gothic. Moreover from the comparison it is evident, that something is alluded to, which was of a very fearful nature, and of an uncommon appearance. Whatever it may have been, we find it again referred to, though in different terms—

Lyche a battently low mie swerde shall brend.
Goddwyn. 50.

* *Gron* signifies undoubtedly a marshy place: but also solid ground.

Shaketh alofe his honde, and seene afarre.
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre

Now what have we similar by which these descriptions can be explained? Nothing that I am apprised of, now a days. But I think that there were of old some phenomena, mentioned by the more early historians of this country, which will illustrate the point greatly. In the Saxon Chronicle we read, that in the year 1032, there were earthquakes in many parts of this kingdom; and that a sad mortality ensued; and what is very particular, there were seen fires of an uncommon appearance, *such as were never seen before.* They broke out of the earth in different places, and did a great deal of mischief.* Simeon Dunelmensis takes notice of earthquakes happening, and of a like fire appearing a few years after, anno 1048. He speaks of it as breaking out in Derbyshire and some neighbouring counties, and being of an alarming nature; and he concludes with saying, "villas et segetes multas ustulavit." Hist. Ang. Script. Decem p. 183. It is recorded by John Brompton nearly in the same manner. He mentions the mortality which then prevailed; and the mischief which was done by these fires. Ibid. p. 939. l. 48. The like phenomenon is said to have appeared in the next century, according to Holinshead, as well as other writers. He mentions in the reign of Henry the First, that there were earthquakes similar to the former; and that fires came out of the earth with great violence, which could not by water, nor by any means be subdued.† V. 2. p. 44. Fires of this nature must have had a very formidable appearance. And it was not any fenny meteor, but undoubtedly these groundfires, to which the poet alluded. It is remarkable that the first appearance of them was anno 1032, and the second, if not a continuation of the same phenomenon, was anno 1048; both in the days of earl Godwin, from whom the tragedy has its name. So that the comparison there made agrees very well with the times, and with the event by which they were distinguished. The last instance of such fires was not indeed in the days of king Richard,‡ who is the person con-

* P. 154. See also Roger de Hoveden, p. 440. Hence we may perceive that the artificial fire called *wild fire* at this day, took its name from the similitude it bore to these *battent lowes* and *gron-fires*, which broke out in the times specified.

† See an account of a similar phenomenon in Germany, mentioned by Tacitus.

‡ They happened anno 1135, in the last year of Henry the First. See Polydore Virgil, p. 198.

Lette thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe´ hemselves how mote the meet-
ynge proove.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE. WOMANNE. SIR ROGERRE.

Wouldst thou kenn Nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the legges and bordels† of the hynde;
Giff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem you see the blakied‡ forme of kynde.
Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote bee?
Would ytte here phrase of vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free?
Gyf soe, rede thys, whyche iche dysportynge pende;
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee asseled naie.

* *Thysten.* This word is not to be found in any other writer: *thisem* or *thisen*, is used by the colliers about Bristol.

† *Bordel*, in very old French, signifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier*, a cottager. Chaucer uses the first for a *brothel*, and the second for a keeper of such a house.

‡ To explain this strange word, *blake*, as occurring *Æ.* 178.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and sonne-brente doe appere.

And again 407.

Blake stondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyse,

is explained *open*, *exposed*; and *blakied* is made the participle from an imaginary verb, to *blakie*, signifying to *open*.

WOMANNE.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Rogerre, the parsone, have hyred mee there,
Comme, comme lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke and we'lle synge, and weylle drenche of stronge beer
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the chyrche
With birlette golde,
Wyth gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,
What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

MANNE.

I kenne syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich ask whie the loverds son,
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apace his wayne,
From everich beme a seme of lyfe do falle;
Swythyn scille oppe the haie upponne the playne;
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre talle.
Thys ys alyche oure doome; the great, the smalle,
Moste withe and bee forwyned by deathis darte.

See! the swote flourette hathe noe swote at alle:
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle parte.
The cravent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd be-
mente.

MANNE.

All-a-boon,* syr priest, all-a-boon.
Bye yer preetschype nowe saye unto mee;
Sir Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie shoulde he than mee
Bee moe greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and estate?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle;
An answere to thie barganette here see,
Thys welked flourette wylle a leson telle;
Arist it blew, itte florished, and dyd well,
Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,
Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-brente playne,
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred
honde.

* Mr. Tyrwhitt says, 'the only passage, I believe, in which these eight letters are to be found together in the same order, is in Chaucer, C. Tales, v. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone"

This the dean of Exeter considers as authority, arguing that the words in Chaucer should be connected: but *all* is there evidently an adjective connected with the pronoun *hem*.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ente
Mooveth the robber hym therefor to slea;
Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan thee.
Thou wurchest; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldst thou the kivercled of soughlys see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones see trothe ynne whatta I saie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
Heare thou from me the lyffe of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wyth the sonne,
Lyche him to dryve the wayne,
And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne.
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a long jubb of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
It lacketh notte to telle;
Syr preeste mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beste beiedeygnes,
And foile the wysest feygnes.
On everych seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe wyghte;

Whan fuired unwers doe the Heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affryghte.
Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie* dyghte,
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced by the storme:
Syke is a picte of lyffe: the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chaft, hys woe greate as hys forme;
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee
dydste mounte.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

Onne Ruddeborne† bank twa pynynge maydens sate,
Theire teares faste dryppeyne to the waterre cleere;
Echone bementynge for her absente mate,
Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dydde speke acroole,‡ wythe languishment of eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.

* Evidently from the French *abaisser*, but corruptly and indeed unintelligibly formed. It is used by no other writer. Tyrwhitt.

† Ruddeborne, *rudborne* (in Saxon, *red-water*;) a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houses of Lancaster and York.

‡ Unauthoriz-d. The imitative verb *croel*, or something like it, is said to have denoted the sound made by the dove.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele;
O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,
Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke moe than ne deathe in phantasie I feele;
See! see! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;
Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn* halles of merriemente,
Whose gastlie mitches holde the traine of fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,†
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll seke the forreste alle the lyve-longe daie;

* Mr. Bowles has introduced this line in his Monody, written at Matlock.

Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment.

† The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. Gray.

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche glebe wyll goe,
And to the passante spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of selyness, whyche flyeth wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dys-traughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
To knowe, or wheder we must waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the plain.

So sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
To where Seynçte Albons holie shrynes remayne.

There did theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes
were slayne:
Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
syde,
Yelled theyre lethalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves,
and dyde.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

This poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated under the name of syr Charles Bawdin was probably sir Baldewyn Fulford, knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says only, "(1 Edw. IV.) was takin sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, knt. eldest son of Baldwin Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, knt. Rot. Pat. Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus:

"And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, knt. Richard Chock, William Canyng, maire of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treesons, &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your highness, &c." If the commission sat soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, king Edwarde might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of sir Baldewyn's execution; for in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast in the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old account of the procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item for washynge the church payven ageyns Kynge Edwarde 4th is comynge. } iiijd. ob."

The feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde saw the ruddie streakes
Of light eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokyne throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

'Thou'rt ryghte,' quod hee, 'for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To daie shall surelie die.'

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
'Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state.'

Syr Canterlone* thenne bended lowe,
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to syr Charles dydd goe.

Butte whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie teares dydd wett the floore,
For goode syr Charleses lyfe.

* It appears by a MSS. (Rich *penes me*) that Henry VI. was taken in disguised apparel at the Abbey of Salley in Yorkshire, by one Cantelow, in 1465. This is a proof that k. Edward IV. ha such a person as sir Cantelow much in his interest and at his command, and affords some additional proof of the authenticity of the poem. *Barrett.*

'O good syr Charles!' sayd Canterlone,
'Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.'
'Speke boldlie, manne,' sayd brave syr Charles,
'Whatte says thie traytor kynge?'

'I greeve to telle, before yonne Sonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die.'

'Wee all must die,' quod brave syr Charles;
'Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:

'Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de sooner die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Tho' I should lyve for aie.'

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior straite
To gett all thynges in readyness
For good syr Charleses fate.

Thenne maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
'I'am come,' quod hee, 'unto your grace
To move your clemencye.'

Thenne quod the kynge, 'Youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende.'

'My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoghte ytt styll was ryghte.

'He has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff that you are resolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to daie.'

'Speke nott of such a traytour vile,'
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
'Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

'Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, maister Canynge! whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?'

'My nobile leige!' good Canynge sayde,
'Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

'Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The beste were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes na synne,
Ynne all this mortall state.

'Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'Twylle faste thy crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thy familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

'But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne.'

'Canynge, awaie! thys traytoure vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
Entreate my clemencye?'

'Mie nobile liege! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and noble mynde,
Altho' ynne enemies.'

'Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynn Heav'n
That dydd mee beinge gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys syr Charles doth lyve.

'Bie Marie, and alle seinctes in Heav'n,
Thys Sunne shall be hys laste.'
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to syr Charles dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

'We all must die,' quod brave syr Charles;
'Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all we mortall menne.

'Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul
Runns overr at thyne eye;
Is ytt for my most welcome doome
That thou doste child-lyke crye?'

Quod godlie Canynge, 'I doe weepe,
Thatt thou so soon must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.'

'Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edwarde, traytor kynge.

'Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

'Before I sawe the lyghtsome Sunne,
Thys was appointed mee:
Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

'Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

'Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

'And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

'Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

'My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

'Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

'I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe:

'Hee taught mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause from the ryghte:

'Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lette my servants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

'And none can saye, but alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyght before I slept.

'I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Blacke treason onne my hedde.

'Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appear dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

'Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

'Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

'Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe your easie daies
Forr those of bloude and peyne?

'Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

'Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynn ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

'Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lorde
Mie name shall lyve for aie.

'Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne world, and alle that's deare,
Mie sonnes and lovynge wyfe;

'Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.'

Quod Canynge, ''Tys a goodlie thinge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys world of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie.'

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde.

And just before the officers,
His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teers of woe,
Withe loude and dysmalle dynne.

'Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

'Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
They washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kisse.'

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
'Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
Mie herte ys well nyghe broke:

'Ah, sweete syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wife?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,
Ytte eke shall ende my lyfe.'

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turned toe hys lovynge wyfe.
And thus to her dydd saie:

'I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Trust thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

'Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne:
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
Yee officers lead onne.'

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
'Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!'—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd out wythe ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes full brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the Sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The freers of seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russet weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke steedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym five-and-twenty moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynn hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route;

Seincte Jameses freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunte;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrells came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendynge menne echone,
Lyke easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were all fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
'O thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mie soule clean thys daie!'

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

'Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt be assur'd, disloyall manne!
I'm greater nowe thanne thee.

'Bye foule proceedynges, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne.

'Thou thynkest I shall die to-dai;
I have been dede 'till nowe,
And soon shall lyve to wear a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

'Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few years,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

'Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde'—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soul rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

'To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! he spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!'

'Soe lett hym die!' Duke Richarde sayde;
And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes.'

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the Sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffolde goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd sai,
'Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

'As longe as Edwarde rules thys land,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Youre sonnes and husbandes shall bee slayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

'You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenn ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye.'

Then hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke;

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And tears, enowe to wosh 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
  Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
  Ynne Heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

ÆLLA,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE, OR DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

Wrotenn by Thomas Rowleie; plaiedd before Maistre Canynge, atte hys howse nempte the Redde Lodge: alsoe before the Duke of Norfolck, Johan Howard.

This poem, with the Epistle, Letter, and Entroductionne, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript, 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

'Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preest delyvered alle the lege yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted tyltynge speares to please the syght,
The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deftlie delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn vyrtues gare rhym mote bee
Butte efte nowe flyeth to the odher syde; thenne,
In hallie preeste apperes the ribaudes penne,
Inne lithie moncke apperes the barronnes pryde:
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel seathe.

Syr John, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore,
Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche c
Greke,
Pyghtethe hys knowlachynge ten yeres or, mor
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever speke the Englysch ys despysed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste b
latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem synges;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde hys meneyng
knowes;
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as good yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godd
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddens the
blodde.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment and woe.
Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte adrames;
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes hem so
Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned wat
brynge.

Yette Vevyan ye ne foole, behynde hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr
ware; [twync
Wordes wythoute sense full groffyngelye l
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;

* Unauthorized. There is, however, the adjective *adremin*, churlish.

Waytes* monthes on nothynge, and his storie donne, [begonne.
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf you neere

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte of faultes, be
Ælla wythe thys I sende, and hope that you [less.
Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie* mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

* Perhaps *waytes*.

† Droorie. Strange perversion of words! droorie, in its ancient signification, stood for modesty.*

* This is an error of Chatterton.

Schyr Jhone Webetown thar was slayne;
And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
Thai fand intill hys coffer
A lettyr that hym send a lady
That he luffyt *per drouery*.
That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
In wer, as a good batchiller.
The awenturs castell off Dowglas
That to kep sa peralous was,
Than mycht he weill ask a lady
Hyr amours and hyr *drouery*.

The Bruce. B. 8. 488.

Mr. Pinkerton adds *per drouery* is *not in a way of marriage*: the term is old French.

LETTER.

TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of
Nete butte a bare recytalle can hav place; [oures,
Nowe shapelie poesie hast loste ytts powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace:
Heie pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate,
Whylste prose, and herehaughtrie, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, and rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shew whatt theyre grandsieres, and great grandsieres bore,
Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, and toune folck, lett syke thynges
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure; [alone,
Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede.*

A man ascaunse uponn a piece maye looke,
And shake hys hedde† to styrre hys rede aboute;
Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute;
Eke, gyf ynto a vew percase I tooke [oute;
The longe beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

* Probably *nede*.

† Sidrophel in Hudibras.

Who having three times shook his head,
To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Pardon, yee graiebarbes, gyff I saie, onwise
Yee are to stycke so close and bysmarelie
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
Whyche amenused thoughtes of poesie; [alyse,*
Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hystorie;
Instedde of mountynge on a wynged horse,
You onn a rouncy dryve ynn dolefull course.

Canynge and I from common course dyssente;
Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene crased molterynge bookes be-
pente, [sheene;
Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes
And where wee kenn somme ishad floures be-
sprente, [clene;
We take ytte, and from oulde rouste doe ytte
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, snd couplettes fetyvelie bewryen
Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,
A keppened poyntelle restynge at eche lyne.
Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
An onlist lecturn, and a songe adynge;
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.

The thynge ytte moste bee yttes owne defense;
Som metre maie notte please a wommannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense;
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.

* This word is loosely made from the Saxon verb *alysan*, to *loosen*, to set free.

Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
Goode byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
Hee wysche you healthe and selinesse for aie.

T. Rowleie.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

Somme cherisaunei tys to gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevyced theyre londe from bayne,
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre goode deedes doe on the Earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme everych steyne,
Whylest al her gentleness ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve baubles geasonne to be seene.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell stede,
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then seel'd hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To saie what he, as clergyond, canne kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

ÆLLA.

Personnes representedd.

Ælla, bie *Thomas Rowleie*, Preeste, the Aucthoure.
Celmonde, *Johan Iscamm*, Preeste.
Hurra, *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.
Birtha, Mastre *Edwarde Canynge*.
Odherr partes bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

CELMONDE, *att* Brystowe.

BEFORE yonne roddie Sonne has droove hys wayne
Throwe half his joornie, dyghte yn gites of goulde,
Mee, happeless me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne mys-
chaunces chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre?
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene?*
Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?—
Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage
sheene,
Yatt shemres on thie comelie semlykeene,
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the Sonne
made redde,
Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnen clothe ywreene,
Syke would thie spryte upponn thie vysage
spreedde.
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys
moste parte.
And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere!
Ytte cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shall not bee.
Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the
beere,
And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes wyll slea.
Assyst mee Helle! lette devylles rounde mee tende,
To slea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie
friende.

* Is she not more than painting can express?
Fair Penitent.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,
Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd Dane shoulde blede, [fyghte;
Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne ynne

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed my softer soule;
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede vowe:
Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate;
Shap havteh nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and husbande, syke a joie is myne;
Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynne myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie;
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin yblente,
As manie tymes hathe vyed the godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes of sylverr sente,

Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faifullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres,
Awhylst thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaste,
Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to me all eares.
Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,
And offrendes made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe scarpes of scarlette, and fyne paramente,
All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,
I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie little kyndnesses whych I dydd doe,
Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe;
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate.
Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee from Hell, or brought Heaven down to thee,
Ladye the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
On smyle would be suffycyll mede for mee.
I amm loves borro'r, and canne never paie,
Botte be hys borrower stylle, and thyne, mie swete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevments soe smalle;
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paste will Bertha ever call,
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.

As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,
Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe slack yn love, ne overdeare;
A small fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more true.

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne
To bee moe clergionde than ys ynn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde;
Oft maie the Moone, yn sylverr sheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed blessynges shedde,
Besprengeynge far abrode myschaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre dame, so bryghte,
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace,
Wythe selynesse as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encrease!
I, as a token of mie love to speake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte your brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale soe stronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye mynstrelles, chaunt your songe!

Mynstrelles Songe bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie shepsterr swayne;
Bryghte Sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre, I wylle go,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mess,
Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge shelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss-growne daisey'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the streme belowe;
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythye yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate.

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,

Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene,
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche.
Out uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave me swythe, or I'lle alatche.*
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe:

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make on of two.

Tempte me ne to the foul thynge;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;

* Unauthorized.

Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge;
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'll make thee wyfe, ne be forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,
Unto divinistre goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

BOTHE.

We wylle ynn a bordelle lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynn goodnesse wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeyne nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,
As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynge,
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes att the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne ys broughte.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake mynstrells synge the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;

I laie mee on the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge stylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, yn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;
Ynn womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wylle have a charme for thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-brent doe appere,
Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;
Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Do daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme care.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe desyre bee free;

Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylled bee,
Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere,
Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne fayre:

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
Fromme an ynutylle membere fyrste beganne,
Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore thei seke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,
Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,
Tochelod yn angel joie hei angeles bee;
Go, take thee swythyn to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

At Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttynge,
As from the Sones hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was knyttynge,
'Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

'Mie husbande, lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,

Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I ask ytte.

'Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-Dell,
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spynnynge,
I stylle wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde* haulle han ne wynnynge.

'Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydenes,
Somme to spynn; some to curdell, somme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

'Lord Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.'

Shee sayde, and lord Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
She putte uppe her knittynge, and to hym wente shee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
We wylle permytte you antecedente bee;

* Bardé, barbed or trapped, as a great horse *Bardes*; barbes or trappings for horses of service or of show. Cotgrave. The word is peculiarly appropriated to horses, and therefore misapplied here.

There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped jeaste;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
Comme, gentle love, we wylle toe spouse-feast goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,
Are ragyng, to be quansed bie none botte thee;
Haste, swyfte as levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moste be gon,
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!
Thos from dysportysmente to war to ron,
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre.

ÆLLA.

O love, was thy thie joie, to shewe the treate,
Then groffshye to forbydde thie hongored guestes
to eate?

O mie upswalynge harte, what words can saie
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,
O! 't ys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie goddes, and is yor favoures sente
As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?
Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
And for a bodykyn* a swarthe obteyne?
O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie sowle?
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie
dreerie dole?

CELMONDE.

Snmetyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde lette me saie, wyth hommaged
drede,
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethien laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth
fote.
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the sabbataners goe aboute. [alyse.
I speke, my loverde, alleyne to upryse
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to

* This diminutive never was used as a mere synonym of its original word. Dean Miles adduces *God's bodikins*. This oath cannot be received in evidence.

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte;
Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle [telle,
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie
Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke ageare.
Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouse mie spryte
To acte wyth rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde:
Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedere, wylle untoe thee byde;
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthynge spryte wyll drayne,
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte will goe awaie.

ÆLLA

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures geat

I'll dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele,
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thy swerde, and craved for thy morthe.

ÆLLA.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn me falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie slepynge mynde to honnoures calle.
Of selynesse I prize thee moe yan all [quyre;
Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt acYtte I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde?
Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares,

Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne
blede.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte,
Ne leave thie Bartha thos uponne pretense of
fyghte.
Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou hast command
Under the sygnette of oure lord the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldst thou make me then a recreandee
Hollie seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thynge!
Heere, Birtha, thou has potte a double stynge,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted Ælla, thie abredynge blynge.
'Twas love of the thatte foule intente ywrynde.
Yette heare mie supplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted harte the lover and the
friende.
Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flighte,
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the
foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreande
doe;
I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,

And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweftlie goe,
Telle mie Brystowans to [be] dyghte yn steele;
Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted* harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I must awaie;
Albeytte I schulde go to mete the darte
Of certen dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.
Botte thos to leave thee, Birthe, dothe asswaie†
Moe torturynge peynes yanna canne be sedde bie tyngue.
Yette rouse thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge.
O Birtha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keep mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasuace yev,
Lyche thee, I 'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

* Qy. Sick, quasi ægroted or agreated.
† Unknown and unintelligible.

Yett oh! forgive, yf I have the dystreste;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie
Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
Shappe* foullie thos hathe snatched him awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to be borne,
Wydhout an ounde of teares and breaste wyth
syghes ytorne.

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou
bee
All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn minde,
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,
Whatte wondrous bighes he nowe muste leave behynde?
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynd
On everych wind I wylle a token sende:
Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thou
fynde. [and friend
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyght

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking*.

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge
lynge [shield dothe slyng
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warr

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie.
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe

*Qy, Hap?

ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie.
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alass! percase he's gone for aie.

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne ot goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte
Hecket ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte;
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente;
The sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponne thie wyde aumere.*

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.

* *Aumere.* The word does not occur in any of our ancient poets, except in Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose.

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.
Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place;
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie:
The reste from nethe tymés masque must shew yttes face.
I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse;
Blake stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse
O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothynge does thie myckle gastness fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dysperpellest thie levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,
Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.
Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thynge of wychencref. an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis* whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme;
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,

* A word of unknown origin.

Comme, steel mie sable spryte,
For fremde and dolefulle dede.

MAGNUS, HURRA, AND HIE PREESTE, WYTH THE ARMIE *neare* Watchette.

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offendres to the goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-stened sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre.
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde;
Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,
Stroven to be overest,
Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge wole natyones downe,
Sendynge dethe on plagues astrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys godde;
To mee send your heste dyvyne,
Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyse
All the actyonnes of th' empprize.
falleth downe and efte rysethe.

Thus sayethe the goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne bee slayne.

MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
Athorowe swerdes, alyche the queed dystraughte,
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste,
As whanne a tempeste vexe the soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.
Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and eeke
Lyche thondere, to the whych doth comme no rayne.
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;
The cocke saiethe drefte, ytt armed ys he alleyne.
Certis thy wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte.
Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thy handie dede.
Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.

Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corses I investynge everyche mede,
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome.

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;
Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.
I 'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
Tys there alleyne I 'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
Doth soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whych to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe.
Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng rage;
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte asswage.

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
That doest aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness
To thee and recreandes) thondered on the playne,
Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne.
A ronnynge pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze
wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
Maiest thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen, and to beastes a pheere!
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere:
Fen vaipours blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes
devoure.
Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie
tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns
kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;

* An unknown word.

Calle onne mie heade all tortures that be rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele,
Thie words be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde.
Botte do notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

MAGNUS.

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe Helle!
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome!
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
'Tys knowen, that yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletre felle;
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysregate.

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
The sede of malyce and recendize al.
Thou art a steyne unto the name of Danes;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canst calle.
Thou beest a wome so groffile and so smal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie sworde,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a worde.
I Hurra amme miesel, and aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE, *and* MESSENGERRE.

MESSENGERRE.

*Blynne your contekions, chiefs; for, as I stode
Upon mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugsomlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERRE.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,
Seemynge as tho' theie stynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette our warr-
arraie.
Goe, sounde the beeme, lette champyons prepare;
Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynge as faste as heie.
Whatte? doest forgard thie blodde? ys ytte for
feare?
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and castlestere,
And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wyll keepe watch and warde.

* These nine lines, and the speech of the second messenger afterwards, are in blank verse; a metre first practised in England by Surrey.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke knowe mie harte is goode.

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, and bloddie swerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dysorder throughe oure hoaste
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? and so neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne.
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste so moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste atturne,
To cheere the sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes on everyche syde wylle burne,
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle bee,
Mie harte I will upryse, and inne the battle slea.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, *and* ARMIE *near* Watchette.

ÆLLA.

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytte ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere;
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate,
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englondes weale.
Friends, kynne, and soldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged isle,
Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has sorfeeted the hongerde soyle,
And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.

Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes; [gore;
Oure sonnes lie storven ynne theyre smethynge
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
These roynerres of our hallie houses slea;
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame,
Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge levyn-bronde,
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe.
Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne on fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla and Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes hygher,
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, but all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters the hyghe stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme,
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle loeke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhurie dyre; [ayre,
Brystowe, and alle her joies, wylle synke toe
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantend fyre,
Thenne lette oure safetie doublie moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evuynge pre,
See [ing] the lambe and shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th' one forr safetie, th' one for hongre slea;
Thanne, whanne the revenne crokes uponne the playne, [slayne.
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bee sleene. [myghte.
Lyche [a] loud dynnynge streeme scalle be mie
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte, [wepte;
Lette bloddle teares bie all your paves be
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte. [crie,
Yourselfes, youre chyldren, and youre fellowes
Go, fyghte ynn rennomes gare, be brave, and wynne or die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;
Youre spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer place;
To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie;
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foootepathe trace. [space;
'Twexte shappe and us there ys botte lyttelle

The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves be menne;
Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlace; go thou shethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie speche, O loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
Go, and sytte crowned on corses of the slayne;
Go and ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer master telle.
Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem downe to Helle;

Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the starres, [swelle,
The borrowes brastynge wythe the sleene schall
Brynnynge to commynge tymes our famous warres;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre yune the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne* seene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe our battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes sounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

* The capital blunder which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is the termination of verbs in the singular number in *n*; *han* is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the present or past time singular of the verb *have*. But *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time plural, and the infinitive mood.——Tyrwhitt.

In opposition to this conclusive remark Anonymus produced twelve passages, of which only one is in the least to his purpose. "Ich han bitten this wax"—an old rhyme of nobody knows whom. Mr. Bryant and the dean of Exeter have both failed in attempting to answer the objection.

DANES *flyinge, neare* Watchette.

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;
The Saxonnes come wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade;
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are
spreade,
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle mark the goeynge
of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,
Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of
flame.
The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge* yield yer
breathe;
Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie
playne, [battle slayne.
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the

* Then plunged into the stream with deep despair,
And her last sighs came bubbling up in air.
Dryden's Virgil.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
Bie cravente havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Despendynge all the talle manne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,
To somme new place for safetie we wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne; [joyne.
Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner

Throwe hamlettes wee wylle sprenge sadde dethe and dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves thereynne:
Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle:
I heere the anlacis detested dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

CELMONDE, *near* Watchette.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.

Bryghte Sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
From the rodde easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,
The howers* drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge streaks bedecked heavennes playne,
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,
Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure steyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne whyche stondeth bie;
The souldyers stood uponne the hillis syde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wythe brieres;
Hys talle speere sheenynge as the starres at nyghte,
Hys eyne ensemeynge as a lowe of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelles;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;
Eche warrynge harte for prayse and rennome swelles;
Lyche slowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge streme [armie seme.
Syche dyd the mormrynge sounde of the whol

* Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours:
Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,
The Sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,
Bar Heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
Pope's Homer.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde does yttes boesomme tare
To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntell or his tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and strynge,
Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours hedde
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponnes werdes dyd rynge;
Ælla was chafed as lyons madded bee;
Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
His mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;
Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;
Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, my tynge; saie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, stylle greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.
Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere fylle;
Heere lorde and hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;
Heere sonne and fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus sought hys waie, and, shame to telle!
Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, and sonke upon the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde
Lyche bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous myghte ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere tallе, and lyche a ravenne fledde.

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stoutest hartes affraie. [flie;
Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Pressynge behynde, the Englysche soldyerres slaie.
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;
Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the sleetre staie,
Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne:
The fyghtynge beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
Whose feete are wynges, whose pace is lycke the wynde,
Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn course,
Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte my beste of stedes, and brynge hymm heere—awaie!

CELMONDE. [*Solus.*]

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes be broghte to ethe.
And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
Fulle soonere would I tortured bee toe deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;
Botte thanne rennome æterne—ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvynge there.

Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe,

Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, and morther, masterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to nowe, and hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie shalle
be torne.

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte weere,
Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, and brynie teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied* reste.
Your loverde from the battle wylle appere,
Ynne honnoure, and a greater love, be dreste;
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your
wiere awaie.

* By an error of the press, cherisaunei is printed in Kersey instead of cherisaunce. Chatterton has copied the blunder in three places.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys tauboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys deede,
Gon to his deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes,
Thos the damselle spake and dyed.

BIRTHA.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please; [ease.
Butte mie uncourtlie shappe benymmes me of all

ÆLLA, *atte* Watchette.

Gurse onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie and die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge me a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys, stronge.
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.
O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes the samme thynge wylle bothe bane and blesse; [warmed,
On tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thynge
Estroughted foorthe, and yanne ybrogten less.
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes possesse;
I wylle, I must awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge do entwyne.

CELMONDE, *atte* Brystowe.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are stylle;
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
The upryste sprytes the sylente letten fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;
Nowe maie mie love be sated yn yttes treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streme,
At the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; ye hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straunger waytethe here.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seyncts! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; and stylle maie use
The behylte blessynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

What heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so lately saie?

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla sore wounded, ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
I flie; new wynges doe from my schoulderrs sprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge:
Sweftlie caparisons for rydynge brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the stynge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to bee;
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys harte alle cheere;
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode;
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille be a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes smoke.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne alyche fallynge ryvers, dy'd ferse bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd slee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee;
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
Owlettes, wythe scrychynge, shakeynge everyche tree,
And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche streme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

A WODE.

Hurra, Danes.

HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste let us watche for pree,
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
Whateverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,
Spreddynge our ugsomme rennome to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde suffyeyle for yee bee;
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,
What sprytes you have, and howe those sprytes
maie dree.
And gyff ye gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,
Eftesoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee
no moere.

The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a
fraie;
Oure verie armoure, and our heaulmes dyd blede,
The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe dropes, fledde
awaie,
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte;
Botte we ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss will paie,
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn
fyghte;
We wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes, de-
stroie;—
Our armoures—wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie
of joie.

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie brende;
Brastynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
The tall chryche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende;
Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourrettes
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre and bloddie weere.
Botte fyrst to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wyll yssue owte onne all yatte commeth

ANOTHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.
Howe sable ys the spreddynge skie arrayde!*
Hailie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

* All is hush'd and still as death!—'tis dreadful.
How reverend is the face of this tall pile!
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice.
Mourning Bride.

BIRTHA.

Saiest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes,
No leme, no eyne, no mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
Makeynge thys bower so pleasynge to the syghte;
Thys was for love fyrste made, and here ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh Heaven and Earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?
Am I betraste? Where ys mie Ælla, saie?

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!
I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage oute,
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute!

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.
Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hym yn regrate.
O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,
There love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dysplea-saunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie sedde.
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee seynctes; and shal Lwrong mie Ælla's bedde,

And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lette mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!
Or welkyn and her starres wyll take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele;
The merkye seesonne wylle your bloshes hylte.

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, ye seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde yn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte
Unto mie wysche bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder heare,
Holpe! holpe! oh Godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
I kenn hem; saie who are you, yatte be theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save from me thys royner heere!

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name and londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous honde.

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie strynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee.

[*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynte Danes he sleath, and faleth to Hurra.*

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;
To her be kynde.

[*Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;

From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie sed, and wysched hym bytter dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee stylle.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde and wyne;
Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne?
You woulde have smethd onne Wedecestrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddynge shielde,
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn fielde dyd bee,
He oathed you to be stylle, and strayte didd sette you free.

Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
Robbe hym of whatte pe rcase he holdith deere?
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,

Doeyng hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe mee.

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte lyvynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thynke too smalle a guyfte the londe and sea.
O Celmonde! I maie deftlie rede by thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cryme bewree!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the waie.

HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the easte to sheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chase the merkynds of nyghte awaie;
Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie;
The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse;
The shepster mayden, dyghtyng her arraie,
Scante sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe mee.

AT BRISTOWE.

ÆLLA *and* SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte [love;
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle proove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.
Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne more.

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA.

Ah! that semmlykeene to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.

What? where? how? Saie, whatte of shee?

EGWINA.

Gone—

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte is toe true.
Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle wo
Ælla! whatt? Ælla! Oh! hee lyves agen!

ÆLLA.

Cal mee not Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.
Where ys she gon awaie? Ah! speake! Hc
When?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie,
Where ys shee? Swythynne speeke, or inst
thou shalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, and here thou what
knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

EGWINA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie
rayne, [wiere,
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke
peyne—

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her spouse, alleyne.
As is mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere,
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie
wheere.

ÆLLA.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her
ayde [bee.
To chere her louste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have
sayde, [slea.
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soe; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste be soe—oh! howe ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Now rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enswote mie domme.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name and place addreste;
Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the reste
I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onn mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla stylle.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle mie spryte:
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce wynde,
Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Impyghte;

A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie fynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie renmome and mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;
Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyff noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle.
[*Stabbeth hys breste.*

SERVITOURE.

Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be stylle: stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wylle doe welle.
[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVITOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge this lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie slee.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? Whatte menes yis leathalle knelle? [hee?
Where is mie Ælla? Speeke; where? Howe ys
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.
Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unspryted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah, Heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.
Thys damoyselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde aneste a burled swayne:
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobylle Danes! wyth goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, my lyfe! mie love! Oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have; whatte faultes coulde Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,
To Watchette towne, where you deceasynge laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie:
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— [*Dieth.*

tyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge, Esq." The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

(No. 1.)

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea! our teeming donore, han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement, [bloude,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of
Before duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passing hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And Sonne was come to byd us all good daie,

Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;
My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon Sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde.
Your lovynge wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe far awaie,
Godde and seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did saie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I wyll make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte:
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

And brave kyng Harrolde had nowe donde his saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,

The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;
The cruel speare went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushynge to the grounde,
And at duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie sayncte,
Gome ayde thy freend, and shewe duke Wyllyam's payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe his freende sleyne piteoualie,
His lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,
To which the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a brazen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde wyth all hys myghte amein.
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his soundynge arrow-lede* bene sleyne
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,
Bye comlie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:
So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white, [night
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at

* One commentator supposes that this means the path of the arrow, from the Saxon lede, iter, profectio. Dean Milles, that it may mean an arrow headed with lead, or that it is mistressed for arrow-hede. Either of these latter conjectures is probable.

With thilk a force it dyd his boddie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a full clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.*
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce stylle
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
Their sheelds rebounded arrowes back agaynne.
The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe strynge,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare;
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;

* Mr. Bryant and Mr. Tyrwhitt agree that this word has been put by a mistake of Chatterton's for *ajuste*.

The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe:
Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,
It splete his beaver; and the ryvets broke.

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's assenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doulie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the scabard toke.

And nowe the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghtes full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I seen two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstinge waves is fled,
Like cowards, stele alonge theire ozy bede.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mein,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;

* This word is not known; it occurs again in this poem, l. 423. Chatterton has used it in The Unknown Knight.

He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle
Ageinste the brest of sieur de Bonoboe; [myghte
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wythe cherysshment did dearlie love;
In England's court, in goode kynge Edward's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes-bloude his longe launce was wett,
Ann from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I seen a mountayne oak that longe
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan thrown downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.

Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,
Aud out the crymson streme of bloude 'gan flowe;
In purple strekes it dyd hys armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
With all hys myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;*
And with a targyt and a fyghting spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:
True as a shadowe to a substant thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

* The author of the Examination, printed at Sherborne, remarks thus upon this passage. Howel is called in the above lines "yeoman of the body guard." Now that office was unknown in the days of Turgot, and did not subsist even in 1485, at which time the poem is said to have been translated. King Henry VII. was the first that set up the band of pensioners. The *yeomen* of the guard were instituted afterwards.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde his kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's strynge,
Into his heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose* pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blow, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in war he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useless weede amonge the haie,
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie.

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
Effred the famous, and erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge speres.

* The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

As when some ryver with the season raynes
White fomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
Oerturnes the hamelet and all conteins,
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by hym dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant faieries strike,
Their soules will wander to kynge Offa's dyke.

Fitz Salnarville, duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilke a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded,
Against erle Edelwarde his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

De Aubignee rode fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, erle Ethelward he said;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trusty freende!

Then Egwin sieur Pikeny dyd attaque;
He turned about and vilely souten flie;
But Egwin cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
His distant sonne, sire Romara di Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
Myngle their stremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoones dyd flee;
Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
Its fallen bodie tells you how it stoode.

When Edelward perceevd erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such acts you doe,
The conquer'd mai clame victorie of you.

The erlie felte de Torcie's treacherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;
And both together soughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall go, where manie's gon before.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,
Cut offe hys arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not content he splete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
Mean while the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's gear.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode;
Where Druids,* auncient preests dyd ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;

* Mr. Warton argues that this opinion concerning Stonehenge did not exist in the days of Turgot. 'The construction of this stupendous pile *by the Druids, as a place of worship*, was a discovery reserved for the sagacity of a wiser age, and the laborious discussion of modern antiquaries.' Dean Milles controverts this in a long note without effect. It only appears that he and the poet, with the same ignorance, confound the Celtic and Teutonic divinities.

Where auncient bardi dyd their verses synge,
Of Cæsar conquer'd and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys shyppyng on the British coaste,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho' a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
Tho' Chrystians stylle they thoughte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient elders of the isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
O Hengist! han thie cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushynge mouche lov'd pourple bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;

The arrowe graz'd upon the erlie's knee,
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
So have I seene a dolthead place a stone,
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

The siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's syghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte;
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouslie they flew,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolvd to die.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
That splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:
Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the racer's* lymbe.

* This is a modern word. Dean Milles justifies it from the antiquity and universality of horse races.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squire then a swerde did sticke
Into hys harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;
A puddlie streme of bloude flow'd out ameine,
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main.

The erlie nowe an horse and bever han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And many a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he, thou 'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste,
And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;
Quod he, these offals are for ever curst,
Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes for foode.
Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,
Ah me! said he; what woeful syghte I see!
But now I muste do somethyng more than sighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe,
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White rushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the weir.

The erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytt Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne,
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And nowe eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
But no such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon Du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his own he felt a cruel darte;
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
He fell: and mixd his bloude with theirs upon
the pleine.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, and with clinie juste,
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
Cruel, quod he, thou crellie shalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymson streme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there did lie,
While life and dethe strove for masterrie.

He gryped hard the bloudie murdering launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftsoons his trustie swerdie he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black their earthlie name, if not their soule.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
Whan he the first mischaunce received han,
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who sange a charme that did it mickle goode;
Then praid seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie dame,
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;
And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
And then did say; go champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten by Walleris cruel darte;
His sheedle of wolf-skin did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne. [bryghte,
As ouphant faieries, when the Moone sheenes
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
For what he be that ouphant faieries stryke,
Their soules will wander to kyng Offa's dyke.*

* This couplet has occurred before, line 239 of this poem.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte;
A wolf skin girded round hys myddle was;
A bear skin, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulder by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis sunge* much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore
A huge goat skyn, all of one grete piece;
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His guantletts were the skynn of harte of Greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and oute the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme.

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itts [waie;

* And then about his shoulders broad he threw
A hory hyde of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be.

Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see
Think him Alcides in a lion's skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win.
Spenser. Muiopotmos.

The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd his eyne for aie.
Then with his swerde hé set on Fitz du Valle,
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ran the swerde and hylte
As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
To dryve an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare him to his bearde, and battone hym;
And cause he fryghted them so much before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dis-maie,
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
And full a score engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the sier de Laque;
And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the useless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

Then on the mightie siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd him by the throte.

Then manie Norman knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Merven's harte, God wote.
In dying pangs he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge.
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew that dyd them littel list.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egward dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a mischaunce dyd miss:
Fear laide Walleris flatt upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward dyd ypass:
The distaunt side thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the squier thilke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh shame to Norman armes! A lord a slave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;

Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two;
There, knyghte, quod he, let that thy actions speak———

* * * * * * * *

(No. 2.)

Oh Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
Teach me, fayre saincte! thy passynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
The fickle Moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
Shee sees kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and pryde.

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke toomorrow with the dead!
Thro' everie troope disorder roer'd her hedde;
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and praied.*

* The Englishmen spent the whole night in drinking, singing and daunceing, not sleeping one winke. on the other side the Normans gave themselves to acknowledge their sinnes, and to prayer all the night, and in the morning they communicated the *Lord's body*.—Stowe.

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde;
Goe! Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills half a score
And search how farre our foreman's campe dothe bound;
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
My brother best belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, go to the everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battle to the grore,
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.'
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilward dyd advaunce
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,
When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hughe Fitzhugh espyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and loudlie cryd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
Gyrthe drew hys swerde, and cut hys burled hyde;
The proto-slene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokinge curles,
Reflected bie the Moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,
Rousd from their praiers by the flotting crie;
Thoughe Gyrthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,
Not once theie stood abashd, or thoghte to flie.
He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,

That makes a vallie whersoe're it lie;
Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne;*
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.

Tancarville thus; 'Alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edraw his arcublaster bowe.'
Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,
And vengynge Normannes staid the flying floe.
The sire wente onne; 'Ye menne, what mean ye so
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?'
Quod Girthe; Oure meanynge we ne care to showe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here single onlie these to all thie crewe
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
Nor joie in dethe, like madmen most distraught;
In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to duke William brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.†

* In Turgotts's tyme Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stonemell carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this left out a line.

† He sent out before them that should spye, and view the number and force of the enemies, which when they were perceived to be among the dukes tents, duke William caused them to be led about the tents, and then made them good cheere, commanding them to be sent home to their lord safe without *harme*.—Stowe.

Quod Willyam; Thus shall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treads on Englysh ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the camp ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr last,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd;
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage; [dyd sound,
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes
Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!
Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead.

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,
That neare his flocke is watchynge for a praie,
He tremblynge for his sheep drives dreem awaie,
Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde
Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,
And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;
With trustie talbots to the battel flies, [skies.
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;

Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and
byllspear shine;
Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
Eche braed hys armlace siker ne desygne,
The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred
at the sounde.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele;
Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace
fele,
And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
Whilst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
deede.
You souldiers, that shoulde standè with byll in hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
O shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!
He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne saw the erlies face, but addawd hung their
head.

Thus he; Rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght re-
nownd,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the
grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the manne of glorious
wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;

And let the Londoners and Sussers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lyghte skyrts
anie.

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everich one;
So one linked man to man the champyones stoode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold tow'rd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand
fights.

Thus Leofwine; To day will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chasd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels could mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled,
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.

Meanwhile dyd Gyrthe unto kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bought wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;
And thus he saide; Oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.

When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,
I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe saide, with looke adigne; My lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Gyrthe, I'll shewe;
Bie Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,
For theie are evrych one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe;* Why will ye then provoke theyr hate? [grete.
Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie

And nowe duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
First did a ranke of arcublastries stande, [flo,
Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.

* Harold asked them what tydings they brought, and they with long commendation extolled the clemencie of the duke, and in good sadness declared that all the host almost did seeme to be priests.—The king, laughing at their folly, said, "they be no priests, but men of warre, valiant in armes and stout of courage." Gyrthe, his brother, took the word out of his mouth and said, "for as much as the Normans be of such great force, he thinketh it were not wisely done of you to joyne battle with them."—Stowe.

When thus duke Willyam to a monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyself wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie.

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the monke departyd out of hande,
And to kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; Tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gyt the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the monke out of hys syghte,*
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie fyghte.

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes.
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doynge there,†
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard rych, endazzlyng mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.
To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted Heaven.

* And with the same indiscreetness he drave away a monke that was duke William's ambassador. The monke broughte three offers, to wit, that either Harold should, upon certain conditions, give over the kingdome, or to be king under duke William, or if Harold would denie this, he offered to stande to the judgment of the see apostolic.—Stowe.

† The king himself stoode afoote by the standard, which was made after the shape and fashion of a man fighting, wrought by sumptuous art, with gold and precious stones.—Stowe.

As when the Erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of lyght;
Some loftie mountayne, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole wøodes and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr course.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to syght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;
Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
Moore feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than wynd;
With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the west;
Forth from the easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright Sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
The Sunne, in fierie pompe enthrond on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from out the skie:

He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyght-
some raye.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic raysd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent i whistlynge thro the ayre.
It struck the helmet of the sieur de Beer;
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scritchyng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam saw, and soundynge, Rowlandes [songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full
stronge,
From out of mortals syght shot up the floe;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande floes uprysynge in the
aire.*

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes t'eir waie
In householde armies thro the flanched skie,

* Duke William commanded his men that some of them should shoote directly forward, and other some upward, by reason whereof, the arrowes shot upward destroyed the Englishmen as they stooped, and the arrowes shot directly aforehand wounded them that stood upright.—Stowe.

Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the earth descende;
Fierce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peercd thro brasse, and sente manie to Heaven or Helle.

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
Before he dyd, he sent his speare awaie,
Thenne sunk to glorie and eternal reste.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,
Throw the jointe cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
As he on horsebacke for the fyghte addressd,
And sawe his bloude come smokynge oer the steele;
He sente the evengynge floe into the ayre, [payre.
And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche re-

And now the javelyns, barbd with death his wynges.
Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne,
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzzd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thundrynge dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Pierce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He clos'd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde
was prest.

Wylliam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his
groine;
In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wryth-
ynges torne.

Alrick his brother, when he this perceevd,
He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a
speere,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
And to the Godde of Heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethal javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javlyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;

Next with his swerde he 'sayld the sieur De Roe,
And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feared muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.
As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laste,
The swyfte-wynged messenger from Willyams
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste; [bowe
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazying starre at nyghte, [fyghte.
He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of

O Alfwolde, saie; howe shalle I synge of thee,
Or telle howe manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
Lyke thee, their leader, eche Brystowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;

Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
Whylst hys long sheelde dyd gleem with the Sun's
rysyng ray.

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, how harde his fate
To die, the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge;
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so
stronge
As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,
With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave,
Fallying he shooken out his smokyng braine,
As witherd okes or elmes are hewne from off the
playne.

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After-la-
goure,*
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?

* The word astrologer used sometimes to be expressed *asterla-gour*; and so it seems to have occurred in this line. Chatterton was so ignorant as to read it *Afterlagour*; and has absolutely disjointed the constituent parts, and taken it for a proper name; the name of a Norman of some consequence. He accordingly forgets the real person spoken of, and addresses this After-la-gour as a person of science—"most skyll'd After-la-gour." He thought it was analogous to Delacoure, Delamere, and other compounded French names. So puerile are the mistakes of the person who is supposed to have been the author of these excellent poems.—Bryant.

When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie harbergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloud bear,
It gave thee death and everlastynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

Next sire Du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,
His soule and bloude came roushynge from the wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwold felle,
Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
Howe manie Alfwolde sent to Heaven or Helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the [strand.

As when a drove of wolves with dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;
The shepter swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;
So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent,
Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
And lyke theyr leaders every man did slee;
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled:
The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;

'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;
But of the erles, whom record nete hath slayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve
agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burned with sacrd fyre,
And een onn erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His son the saincte behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and great in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to lyve, and all his foemen
bleedes.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the Sun or Moon adave;
She was the mightie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine, [skyne,
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge
Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie;
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So greie appeard her feetly sparklynge eye;
Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stood
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode, [synge;
Where sainctes and soules departed masses
Such awe from her sweete looke forthe issuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;

None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the Sun her mind
Did guilde, her mortal shape and all her charms
refin'd.

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to
bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to
farre;
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe among his foes dethe-doynge blowes he
delte.

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
As when a rivlette rolls impetuouslie, [strayne,
And breaks the bankes that would its force re-

Alonge the playne in fomynge rynges doth flee,
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corne-field mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe.

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokynge slayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cut hym with his swerde athur the breaste;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its myghte.
But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte.

When soon he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,
Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
Deey thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
He peercd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steemd, a deadlie syghte!
He opd and closd his eyen in everlastynge nyghte.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A mann well skilld in swerde and soundynge strynge,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie, [flie.
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn. clevis

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
And hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prowe;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande

CONTINUED.

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie, [heade,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis to far distaunte, and his onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame.

'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,
Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessynge to the Erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee could fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees,
And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he slees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

Bryghte Sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes did twyne,
And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Should onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwine,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke chaunte, [glide,
Orre wyth some mokynge brooklette swetelie
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleeme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd wyth thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I oft have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd eche wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel stere;
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;
Neere to kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the Sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
He stroke on Haroldes shelde in manner breme;
Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
To when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
Hc tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe:
So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the Sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for the' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enter hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throw Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
He skyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And said: Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Noor poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

Betweene erle Alfwoulde and duke Wyllyam's
bronde [bee,
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will slee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte, [fyghte.
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,
Whan on his lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on hys knee;
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
He graspd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of mightie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle,
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondronge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvyde;
So when an oke,* that shotte ynto the skie,

* As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft beav'd axe with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground.
Pope's Homer.

Feeles the broad axes peersynge hys broade syde,
Slowlie he falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Pressynge all downe that is with hym anighe,
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie
* * * * *
Bled, gron'd and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes
astound
To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the
grounde.

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunder ugsom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedeceters shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie
prowe;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they
went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse be
[sprente

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre he in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As he on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upward wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollying and dymsighted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould hym attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

* * * * * *

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

From a copy by sir Herbert Croft, in the same volume.

Almighty framer of the skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls were made
Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the ray,
Refin'd the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impell'd by his eternal love
He left his palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay
The mark of worldly scorn;

When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd salvation's morn!

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Tho' in a human walk he trod,
Still was the Man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears;
Nor bad his vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade;
He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,
Who groan'd beneath a life of shame
In all afflictions try'd;
The soul is raptur'd to conceive
A truth, which being must believe,
The God Eternal dy'd.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
Upon devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the day:
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue;
From him I'll catch the lay!

X. Y.

A GLOSSARY

TO THE POEMS OF CHATTERTON.

A.

ABESSIE, humility
Abest, humbled, or brought down
Aborne, burnished
Abounde, do service, or benefit
Aboune, make ready
Abredynge, upbraiding
Abrewe, brew
Abrodden, abruptly
Acale, freeze
Accaie, assuage
Acheke, choke
Achevments, services
Achments, achievemsnts
Acome, come
Acrool, faintly
Adave, dawned upon
Adawe, awake
Adeene, worthily
Adente, fastened
Adented, fastened, annexed
Adented, indented, bruised.
Aderne, cruel, fierce
Adigne, noble, worthy
Adoe, delay
Adradde, afraid
Adrames, churls
Adrewe, drew
Adventaile, armour

Adygne, nervous; worthy of praise
Æterne, eternal
Affere, to affright or terrify
Affraie, affright
Affraie, to fight, or engage in a fray
Affynd, related by marriage
Afleme, as *fleme*; to drive away, to affright
After-la-goure, should probably be *astrelagour*; astrologer
Agested, heaped up
Agguylte, offended
Agleeme, to shine upon
Agrame, grievance
Agreme, torture
Agreme, grievance
Agrosed, agrised; terrified
Agroted. See groted
Agylted, offended
Aidens, aidance
Aiglintine, sweet-briar
Ake, oak
Alans, hounds
Alatche, accuse
Aledge, idly
Alenge, along
Alest, lest
Alestake, a may-pole
All a boon, a manner of asking a favour
Allaie, was allayed or stopped. Allaie used as a verb neuter
Alleyn, only
Almer, beggar
Alofe, aloft
Alse, else
Alyche, like
Alyne, across his shoulders
Alyse, allow
Amate, destroy
Amayld, enamelled

Amede, recompense
Ameded, rewarded
Amenged, as *menged* mixed
Amenused, diminished
Ametten, met with
Amield, ornamented, enamelled
Aminge, among
Aneighe, near
Aneste, against
Anente, against
Anere, another
Anete, annihilate
Anie, as *nie*, nigh
Anlace, an ancient sword
Annethe, beneath
Antecedent, going before
Applynges, grafted trees, apple trees
Arace, divest
Arblaster, a cross-bow
Arcublaster, a cross-bow
Arcublastries, cross-bowmen
Ardurous, burning
Aredynge, thinking, reading. qu.
Argenthorse, the arms of Kent
Arist, arose
Armlace, accoutrement for the arms
Armourbrace, a suit of armour
Arrow-lede, path of the arrow
Ascaunce, disdainfully
Ascaunse, obliquely
Asenglave, a lance
Askaunte, obliquely
Askaunted, glanced
Aslape, asleep
Aslaunte, slaunting
Aslee, slide or creep
Assayle, oppose
Asseled, answered
Asshrewed, accursed, unfortunate

Asswaie, to assay, put to trial
Astarte, started from, or afraid of. Neglected. qu.
Astedde, seated
Astend, astonish
Asterte, neglected
Astoun, astonished
Astounde, astonish
Astounded, astonished
Astrodde, astride, mounted
Asyde, perhaps *astyde*; ascended
Athrowe, through
Athur, as *thurgh*; through, athwart
Attenes, at once
Attoure, turn
Attoure, around
Atturne, to turn
Aucthoure, author
Ave, for *eau*, Fr. water
Avele, prevail
Aumere, a loose robe or mantle
Aumeres, borders of gold and silver, &c.
Aunture, *aventure*; adventure
Aure, Or, the colour of gold in heraldry
Autremere, a loose white robe, worn by priests
Awhaped, astonished
Aye, ever, always
Aynewarde, backwards

B.

Balefull, woeful, lamentable
Bane, hurt, damage
Bane, curse
Baned, cursed
Bankes, benches
Bante, cursed
Barb'd, armed
Barbde haulle, hall hung round with armour
Barbe, beard
Barbed horse, covered with armour

Baren for barren
Barganette, a song or ballad
Barriere, confine or boundary
Barrowes, tombs, mounds of earth
Bataunt, a stringed instrument, played on with a plectrum. qu.
Battayles, boats, ships, Fr.
Batten, fatten
Battent, loudly
Battently, loud roaring
Battone, beat with sticks, Fr.
Baubels, jewels
Bawsin, large
Bayne, ruin
Bayre, brow
Beaver, beaver, or visor
Beer, bear
Beeveredd, beaver'd
Beheste, command
Behesterynge, commanding
Behight, name
Behylte, promised
Behylte, forbade
Behyltren, hidden
Belent, stopped, at a fault, or stand
Beme, trumpet
Bemente, lament
Benned, cursed, torment
Benymming, bereaving
Berne, child
Berten, venomous
Beseies, becomes
Besprente, scattered
Bestoiker, deceiver
Bete, bid
Betrassed, deceived, imposed on
Betraste, betrayed
Bevyle, break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting

Bewrecke, revenge
Bewreen, express
Bewryen, declared, expressed
Bewryne, declare
Bewrynning, declaring
Bighes, jewels
Birlette, a hood, or covering for the back part of the head
Blake, naked
Blakied, naked, original
Blanche, white, pure
Blaunchie, white
Blatauntlie, loudly
Blente, ceased, dead
Blethe, bleed
Blynge, cease
Blyn, cease, stand still
Boddekin, body, substance
Boleynge, swelling
Bollengers and Cottes, different kinds of boats
Boolie, beloved
Bordel, cottage
Bordelier, cottager
Borne, burnish
Boun, make ready
Bounde, ready
Bourne, boundary, promontory
Bourne, bounded, limited
Bowke, Bowkie, body
Bowting matche, contest
Bismarelie, curiously
Braste, burst
Brasteth, bursteth
Brasteynge, bursting
Braunce, branch
Braunces, branches
Brauncynge, branching
Brayd, displayed
Brayde, embroider

Brayne, brain, care
Brede, broad
Bredren, brethren
Breme, strength
Breme, strong
Bremie, furious
Brende, burn, consume
Brendeynge, flaming
Bretful, filled with
Brionie, briony, or wild vine
Broched, pointed
Bronde, fury, or sword
Brondeynge, furious
Brondeous, furious
Brooklette, rivulet
Browded, embroidered
Brued, embrued
Brutylle, brittle, frail
Brygandyne, part of armour
Brynnyng, declaring
Burled, armed
Burlie bronde, fury, anger
Byelecoyle, bell acueil, Fr. the name of a personage in the *Romant de la Rose*, which Chaucer has rendered *fair welcoming*
Byker, battle
Bykrous, warring
Bysmare, bewildered, curious

C

Cale, cold
Calke, cast
Calked, cast out
Caltysning, forbidding
Carnes, rocks, stones, Brit.
Castle-stede, a castle
Castle-stere, the hold of a castle
Caties, cates
Caytysnede, binding, enforcing

Celness, coldness
Chafe, hot
Chaftes, beats, stamps
Champion, challenge
Chaper, dry, sun-burnt
Chapournette, a small round hat
Charie, dear
Cheese, choose
Chefe, heat, rashness
Chelandree, goldfinch
Cherisaunce, comfort
Cherisaunied, comfortable
Cheves, moves
Chevysed, preserved
Cheynedd, chained, restricted
Chirckynge, a confused noise
Chop, an exchange
Choppe, to exchange
Chroughe, choughs, jackdaws
Church-glebe-house, grave
Chyrche-glebe, church-yard
Clangs, sounds, loud
Cleme, sound
Cleere, famous
Clefs, cliffs
Cleped, named
Clerche, clergy
Clergyon, clerk or clergyman
Clergyon'd, taught
Clevis, cleft of a rock
Cleyne, sound
Clinie, declination of the body
Clymmynge, noisy
Compheeres, companions
Congeon, dwarf
Contake, dispute
Conteins, for contents
Conteke, confuse; contend with
Contekions, contentions

Cope, a cloak
Corteous, worthy
Corven. See *ycorven*.
Cotte, cut
Cottes. See *bollengers*
Cotteynge, cutting
Covent, convent
Coupe, cut
Coupynge, cutting, mangling
Couraciers, horse-coursers
Coyen, coy
Crased, broken
Cravent, coward
Creand, as recreand
Cristede, crested
Croche, cross
Croched, perhaps broched
Crokynge, bending
Cross-stone, monument
Cryne, hair
Cuarr, quarry
Cuishe, armour for the thigh
Cullis-yatte, portcullis-gate
Curriedowe, flatterer
Cuyen kine, tender cows

D.

Dacya, Denmark
Daie brente, burnt
Daise eyed, daisied
Damoyselles, damsels
Danke, damp
Dareynge, attempt, endeavour
Darklinge, dark
Daygnous, disdainful
Deathdoeynge, murdering
Declynie, declination
Decorn, carved
Deene, glorious, worthy

Deere, dire
Defe, vapours, meteors
Defayte, decay
Defte, neat, ornamental
Deigned, disdained
Delievretie, activity
Dente. See *adente*
Dented. See *adented*
Denwere, doubt
Denwere, tremour
Depeyncte, paint, display
Depicted, painted, or displayed
Depyctures, drawings, paintings
Dequace, mangle, destroy
Dequaced, sunk, quashed
Dere, hurt, damage
Derne, melancholy, terrible
Derkynnes, young deer
Dernie, woeful, lamentable
Dernie, cruel
Deslavatie, disloyal, unfaithful
Deslavatie, lechery
Destratours, traitors
Deysde, seated on a deis
Dheie, they
Dhere, there
Dhereof, thereof
Diffieile, difficult
Dighte, drest, arrayed
Dispande, expanded
Dispente, expended
Dispone, dispose
Divinistre, divine
Dolce, soft, gentle
Dole, lamentation
Dolte, foolish
Donore. This line should probably be written thus: *O sea-o'erteeming Dover!*
Dortoure, a sleeping-room

Dete, perhaps as *dighte*
Doughtre mere, d'outre mere, Fr. From beyond sea
Draffs, the refuse, or what is cast away
Dreare, dreary
Dree, draw, *or* drive
Dreerie, dreary, terrible
Drefte, least
Drenche, drink
Drented, drained
Dreyncted, drowned
Dribblete, small, insignificant
Drierie, terrible
Drites, rights, liberties
Droke, dry
Drocke, drink
Droncke, drank
Droorie, courtship, gallantry
Drooried, courted
Dulce, as dolce
Duressed, hardened
Dursie, from *duress*, hardship, signifying hardy
Dyd, should probably be *dyght*
Dyghte, as *dight*
Dyghtynge, as *dightynge*
Dygne, worthy
Dygner, more worthy
Dynning, sounding
Dyspendynge, expending
Dyspense, expense
Dysperpellest, scatterest
Dysporte, pleasure
Dysporteynge, sporting
Dysportisement, as *dysporte*
Dysregate, to break connection or fellowship. To degrade, qu.

E.

Edraw, for *ydraw*; Draw
Eeke, amplification, exaggeration

Efte, often, again
Eftsoones, quickly
Egederinge, assembling, gathering
Eke, also
Ele, help
Eletten, enlighten
Elmen, elms
Elocation, elocution
Elves, personages, people
Emarschalled, arranged
Emblaunched, whitened
Embodyde, thick, stout
Embowre, lodge
Embollen, swelled, strengthened
Emburled, armed
Emmate, lessen, decrease
Emmertleynge, glittering
Emmers, coined money
Emprize, adventure
Empprize, enterprize
Enactynge, acting
Enalse, embrace
Encaled, frozen, cold
Enchafed, heated, enraged
Encheere, encourage
Encontrynge, encountering
Enfouled, vitiated, polluted
Engarlanded, wearing a garland
Engyne, torture
Engyned, tortured
Enharme, to do harm to
Enheedynge, taking heed
Enhele, heal
Enhepe, add
Enlefed, full of leaves
Enleme, enlighten
Enlowed, flamed, fired
Enrone, unsheath
Enseme, to make seams in

Ensemeynge, as seeming
Enshone, showed
Enshoting, shooting, darting
Enstrote, deserving punishment
Enswolters, swallows, sucks in
Enswote, sweeten
Ensyrke, encircle
Ent, a purse or bag
Entendemente, understanding
Enthoghte, thinking
Enthoghte, thought of
Enthoghteynge, thinking
Entremed, intermixed
Entrykeynge, tricking
Entyn, even
Enyronnde, worked with iron
Eraced, banished, erazed
Erlie, earl
Ermietts, hermits
Erste, formerly
Estande, for *ystande*, stand
Estells, a corruption of *estoile*, Fr. A star
Estroughted, stretched out
Ethe, ease
Ethie, easy
Evalle, equal
Eve-merk, dark evening
Evespeckt, marked with evening dew
Everichone, every one
Everyche, every
Ewbrice, adultery
Ewbrycious, lascivious
Eyne-gears, objects of the eyes
Eyne syghte, eye-sight

F.

Fadre, father
Fage, tale, jest
Faie, faith

Faifully, faithfully
Faitour, a beggar, or vagabond
Faldstole a folding stool, or seat. See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium*
Far-kend, far seen
Fayre, clear, innocent
Featliest, most beautiful
Federed, feathered
Feere, fire
Feerie, flaming
Fele, feeble
Felle, cruel, bad
Fellen, fell, pa. t. sing. qu.
Ferse, violent, fierce
Ferselie, fiercely
Fetelie, nobly
Fetive, as *festive*
Fetyve, elegant, beautiful
Fetyvelie, elegantly
Fetyveness, festiveness
Feygne, willing
Feygnes, a corruption of *feints*
Fhuir, fury
Fie, defy
Flaiten, horrible, or undulating, qu.
Flanched, arched
Fleers, fliers, runaways
Fleeting, flying, passing
Fleme, to terrify
Flemed, frighted
Flemie, frightfully
Flemeynge, terrifying
Fleurs, flowers
Flizze, fly
Floe, arrow
Florryschethe, blooms, flourishes
Flott, float
Flotting, floating or undulating
Floure Seyncte Mary, marygold

Flourette, flower
Flytted, fled
Foile, baffle
Fons, *Fonnes*, devices
Fore, before
Forefend, forbid
Forgard, lose
Forletten, forsaken
Forloyne, retreat
Forroy, destroy
Forreying, destroying
Forslagen, slain
Forslege, slay
Forstraughte, distracted
Forstraughteyng, distracting
Forswat, sun-burnt
Forweltring, blasting
Forwyned, dried
Foulke, people
Foury, fury
Fowlyng, defiling
Fraie, fight
Fremde, strange
Fremded, frighted
Fructile, fruitful
Fuired, furious
Furched, forked

G.

Gaberdyne, a piece of armour. A cloak
Gallard, frighted
Gare, cause
Gastness, ghastliness
Gauntlette, glove
Gauntlette, challenging
Geare, apparel, accoutrement
Geasonne, rare, extraordinary, strange
Geer, dress

Geete, as *gite*
Gelten, guilded
Gemot, council
Gemote, assembled
Gerd, broke, rent
Gies, guides
Gier, a turn or twist
Gif, if
Gites, robes, mantles
Glair, shining, clear
Glairie, clear, shining
Glare, glitter
Gledes, glides
Gledeynge, livid
Gleme, shine, glimmer
Glester, to shine
Gleatreynge, shining, glittering
Glomb, frown
Glommed, clouded, dejected
Glowre, glory
Glowe, shine, gleam
Glytted, shone, or gilded. qu.
Gore-depycted, painted with blood
Gore-red, red as blood
Gorne, garden
Gottes, drops
Gouler, usurer
Goushynge, gushing
Graiebarbes, grey-beards
Grange, liberty of pasture
Gratche, apparel
Grave, chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen. qu.
Gravots, groves
Gre, grow
Greaves, a part of armour
Grees, grows
Greeynge, growing
Grete, greeted, saluted

Groffile, groveling, mean
Groffyngelye, foolishly, vulgarly, abjectly
Groffyshe, uncivil, rude
Gron, a fen, moor
Gronfer, a meteor, from gron, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire.
Gronfyres, meteors
Groted, swollen
Gryne, groin
Grypped, grasped
Gule depeyncted, red painted
Gule steynct, red stained
Guyfts, gifts, talents
Guylde, assess, tax
Guylteynge, gilding
Gye, a guide
Gyte, as gite
Gytelles, mantles

H.

Habergeon, coat of mail
Haile, happy
Hailie, as haile
Halceld, defeated
Hallidome, holy church. qu.
Hallie, holy
Hallie, wholely
Halline, joy
Hamlettes, manors
Han, hath. qu. had,
Hancelled, cut off, destroyed
Handeswerd, back-sword
Hantoned, accustomed. qu.
Harrie, harass. qu.
Harried, tost
Harte of Greece, a stag
Hatcnedd, covered with hatchments
Hatchments, achievements, coat armour

Haveth, have, hath
Havyoure, behaviour
Heafod, head
Heavenwere, heavenward
Heaulme, helmet, crown
Hecket, wrapped, closely covered
Heckled, wrapped
Hedes, regards, attends to
Heie, they
Heideygnes, a country dance, still practised in the North
Hele, help
Hem, a contraction of them
Hendie stroke, hand stroke, close fighting
Hente, grasp, hold
Hentylle, custom
Her, for their
Herehaughtes, heralds
Herehaughtrie, heraldry
Herselle, herself
Heste, require, ask
Heste, a command
Hete, promised
Hight, named, called
Hiltrene, hidden
Hiltring, hiding
Hoastrie, inn, or a public house
Hoistes, lifts up
Hollie, holy
Holtred, hidden. qu.
Hommageres, servants
Hommeur, honour, humour. qu.
Honde poyncte, index of a clock, marking hour or minute
Honnourwere, the place or residence of honour
Hopelen, hopelessness
Harrowe, unseemly, disagreeable
Hove, lifted up, threw
Houton, hollow

Hulstred, hidden, secret
Hus, house
Huscarles, house servants
Hyger, *the flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the* Hygra
Hyghte, named, called
Hylle fyre, a beacon
Hylte, hid, secreted, hide
Hylted, hidden
Hyltren, hidden
Hynde, peasant
Hyndlettes, servants

I.

Jade, to render languid, fatigue
Jape, a short surplice, &c.
Jernie, journey
Jeste, hoisted, raised
Ifrete, devour, destroy
Ihantend, accustomed
Jintle, for gentle
Immengde, mixed, mingle,
Impestering, annoying
Impleasaunce, unpleasantness
Inhild, infuse
Investynge, clothing
Joice, juice
Joice, juicy
Joustedd, justed
Ishad, broken, shed
Ithink, think
Jubb, a bottle
Iwreene, disclosed
Iwimpled, wrapped up
Iwys, certainly
Jyned, joined
Jynynge, joining

K.

Ken, see, discover, know
Kenne, knows
Kenne, know
Kepe, to take care of
Keppened, careful
Kerveth, cutteth, destroyeth, qu.
Kiste, coffin
Kivercled, the hidden or secret part
Knite, joined
Knopped, fastened, chained, congealed
Knowlache, knowledge
Knowlached, known, distinguished
Knowlachynge, knowledge
Kynde, nature
Kyngecoppes, butterflowers

L.

Labrynge, labouring, agitated
Ladden, lay
Lare, leather
Laverde, lord
Lea, field *or* pasture
Lease, lose
Leathal, deadly
Lechemanne, physician
Leckedst, most despicable
Lecture, relate
Lecturn, subject
Lecturnyes, lectures
Leden, decreasing
Leeche, physician
Leege, homage, obeisance
Leegefolcke, subjects
Leegefull, lawful
Leegemen, subjects
Leffed, left
Lege, law

Leggen, lessen, alloy
Leggende, alloyed
Lemanne, mistress
Leme, lighted up,
Lemed, lighted, glistened
Lemes, lights, rays
Lere, leather
Lessel, a bush, or hedge
Lete, still
Lethalle, deadly, or death-boding
Lethlen, still, dead
Letten, church-yard
Levyn-blasted, struck with lightning
Levyn-mylted, lightning-melted. qu.
Levyn-plome, feathered lightning
Levynde, blasted
Levynne, lightning
Levynn bronde, flash of lightning
Liefe, choice
Liff, leaf
Likand, liking
Limed, glassy
Limitoure, a licensed begging friar
Limmed, glassy, reflecting
Lissedd, bounded
Lisseth, boundeth
List, concern, cause to care
Listeynge, listening
Lithie, humble
Loaste, loss
Locke, luck, good fortune
Lockless, luckless, unfortunate
Lode, load
Lode, praise, honour. qu.
Logges, cottages
Longe straughte, far extended, lengthened
Lordynge, standing on their hind legs
Lore, learning
Lote, lot, fortune

Loverde, lord
Loughe, laugh
Loustie, lusty, lustful
Low, flame of fire
Lowes, flames
Lowings, flames
Lowynge, flaming, burning
Lurdanes, lord Danes
Lycheynge, liking
Lyene, lye
Lyghethe, lodgeth
Lymmed, polished
Lynche, bank
Lynge, stay, linger
Lyoncelle, young lion
Lyped, linked, united
Lysse, sport, or play
Lysseed, bounded
Lyvelyhode, life

M.

Magystrie, mastery, victory
Marvelle, wonder
Mancas, marks, mancuses
Machyn, a sleeve. Fr.
Masterschyppe, mastery, victory
Mate, match
Maugrie, notwithstanding, in spite of
Maynt, many
Mede, reward
Mee, meadow
Meeded, rewarded
Melancholych, melancholy
Memuine, mesnie-men, attendants
Menged, mixed, the many
Miniced, menaced. qu.
Mennys, men
Mensuredd, bounded, or measured

Menynge, meaning
Mere, lake
Merke, dark, and gloomy
Merke-plant, nightshade
Merker, darker
Merkness darkness
Merkye, dark
Meve, move
Meynte, many, great numbers
Mical, much, mighty
Miesel, myself
Miskynette, a small bagpipe
Mist, poor, needy
Mitches, ruins
Mitte, a contraction of mighty
Mittee, mighty
Mockler, more, greater, mightier
Moke, much
Mokie, black
Mokynge, mocking, murmuring. qu.
Mole, soft
Mollock, wet, moist
Molterynge, mouldy, mouldering
Mone, moon
Moneynge, lamenting, moaning
Morie, marshy
Morthe, death, murder
Morthynge, murdering
Mose, most
Moste, must
Mote, might
Motte, word, or motto
Mottring, muttering, murmuring
Myckle, much
Mychte, mighty
Myghte ameine, main force
Myndbruche, firmness of mind, sense of honour. qu.
Mynemenne, miners
Mynsterr, monastery

Mynstrelle, a minstrel is a musician
Myrynge, wallowing
Mystell, miscall
Mysterk, mystic

N.

Ne, Le. not
Ne, no, or, none
Ne, nigh, or nearly
Nedere, adder
Neete, night
Nesh, weak, tender
Nete, nothing
Nete, night
Nethe, beneath
Nillynge, unwilling
Nome-depeyncted, rebus'd shields, &c.
Notte, knot, fasten
Notte browne, nut brown
Noyance, annoyance

O.

Oares, wherries
Oathed, bound upon oath
Obaie, abide
Offrendes, presents, offerings
Olyphauntes, elephants
Onflewed, undismayed
Onknowlachynge, ignorant, unknowing
Onlist, boundless
Onlyghte, darken. qu.
Ontylle, until
Onwordie, unworthy
Oppe, up
Optics, eyes
Orrests, oversets
Overest, uppermost
Ounde, wave

Oundynge, undulating, swelling. qu.
Ouphante, ouphen, elves
Ourt, overt, Fr. open. qu.
Ouzle, black bird
Owlett, owl
Owndes, waves

P.

Paizde, poized
Pall, contraction from appal, to fright
Paramente, robes of scarlet, a princely robe
Parker, park-keeper
Passente, passing
Passent, walking leisurely
Paves, shields
Pavyes, shields
Payrde, compared
Peede, pied
Peene, pain
Pencte, painted
Penne, mountain
Pensmenne, writers, historians
Percase, perchance
Perdie, for a certainty
Pere, pear
Pere, appear
Pereynge, appearing, peeping
Perforce, of necessity
Perpled, purple, qu. scattered, diffused. qu.
Persant, piercing
Pete, beat, pluck. qu.
Peynctedd, painted
Pheeres, fellows, equals
Pheon, in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart
Picte, picture
Piercedd, broken, or pierced through with darts
Pittie golphe, hollow of the pit
Pleasaunce, pleasure, blessing

Plies, sounds
Plonce, plunge
Pole, the crown of the head
Pouche, purse
Poyntelle, a pen, &c.
Pre, prey
Pre, to pray
Preche, preach, exhort, recommend
Preestschyppe, priesthood
Prevyd, hardy, valorous
Proto-slene, first slain
Prowe, forehead
Prowes, might, power
Puerilitie, childhood
Pyghte, pitched, or bent down, settled
Pyghtethe, plucks, or tortures
Pynant, languid, insipid, pining, meagre.

Q.

Quacedd, vanquished
Quansed, stilled, quenched
Quayntysaed, curiously devised
Queede, the evil one, the devil
Quent, quaint, strange

R.

Rampynge, furious
Receivure, receipt
Recendize, for recreandize, cowardice
Recer, for racer
Reddoure, violence
Rede, wisdom
Reded, counselled
Redeynge, advice
Regrate, esteem, favour
Reine, run
Rele, wave

Reles, waves
Rennomde, honoured, renowned
Rennome, honour, glory
Requiem, a service used over the dead
Responsed, answered
Rewynde, ruined
Reyne, run
Reynynge, running
Reytes, water-flags
Ribaude, rake, lewd person
Ribbande geere, ornaments of ribbands
Ribible, violin
Riese, rise
Riped, ripened
Rodded, reddened
Roddie, red
Roddie levynne, red lightning
Rode complexion
Roder rider, traveller
Rodeynge, riding
Roghlynge, rolling
Rostlynge, rustling
Rou, horrid, grim
Rouncy, cart-horse
Royn, ruin
Royner, ruiner
Rynde, ruined
Ryne, run

S.

Sabalus, the devil
Sabbataners, booted soldiers
Sable, black, in heraldry
Sable, blacken
Sable, darkness
Sable, black
Sai, sagum, military cloak
Sanguen, bloody

Sarim's plain, Salisbury plain
Sayld, assailed
Scalle, shall
Scante, scarce
Scantillie, scarcely, sparingly
Scarpes, scarfs
Scarre, mark
Scethe, hurt, damage
Scathe, scarce
Scannce-layd, uneven
Scauncing, glancing, or looking obliquely
Scethe damage, mischief
Schaftes, shafts, arrows
Scheafted, adorned with turrets
Scille, gather
Scillye, closely
Scolles, sholes
Seck, suck
Seeled, closed
Seere, search
Selke, silk
Selynesse, happiness
Semblamente, appearance
Semblate, appearance
Seme, seed
Semecope, a short under cloak
Semlykeene, countenance, beauty
Semmlykeed, countenance
Sendaument, appearance
Sete, seat
Shap, fate
Shap scurged, fate-scourged
Sheene, lustre, shine
Sheen, to shine
Shemres, shine
Shemrynge, glimmering
Shente, broke, destroyed
Shepen, innocent. qu.
Shepsterr, shepherd

Shettynge, shooting
Shoone pykes, shoes with piked toes: the length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.
Shotte, shut
Shotteyng, closing, shutting
Shrove, shrouded
Siker, sure
Skyne, sky
Slea, slay
Sleath, destroyeth, killeth
Sledde, sledge, hurdle
Slee, slay
Sleene, slain
Sleeve, clue of thread
Sletre, slaughten
Sleyghted, slighted
Sleynges, slings
Slughornes, a musical instrument, not unlike a haut-boy, a kind of clarion
Smethe, smoke
Smething, smoking
Smore, besmeared
Smothe, steam, or vapours
Snett, bent, snatched up
Snoffelle, snuff up
Sockeynge, sucking
Solle, soul
Sorfeeted surfeited
Sothe, truth
Sothen, sooth
Soughle, soul
Soughlys, souls
Souten, for sought
Sparre, a wooden bar, or enclosure
Spedde, reached, attained. qu.
Spencer, dispenser
Spere, allow. qu.
Sphere, spear

Splete, cleaved, split
Sprenged, sprinkled
Sprytes, spirits, souls
Spyryng, towering
Staie, support, prop
Staie, fastening
Starks, stalks
Steck, stuck
Stedness, firmness, stedfastness
Steemde, reeked, steamed
Steemie, steaming
Steeres, stairs
Stent, stained
Steynced, alloyed, or stained. qu.
Steyne, stain, blot, disgrace
Stoke, stuck
Storthe, death
Storven, dead
Storven, for strove. qu.
Stowe, place, city
Straughte, stretched
Stre, straw
Stree, strew
Stret, stretch
Strev, strive
Stringe, strong
Stynts, stops
Substant, substantial
Suffycyll, sufficient
Super-hallie, overrighteous
Surcote, a cloak or mantle which hid all the other dress
Suster, sister
Swanges, wave to and fro
Swarthe, spirit, ghost
Swarthless, dead, expired
Swarthynge, expiring
Sweft-kerv'd, short liv'd
Sweltrie, sultry

Swolterynge, overwhelming. qu.
Swolynge, swelling
Swote, sweet
Swotelie, sweetly
Swotie, sweet
Swythe, quickly
Swythen, quickly
Swythyn, quickly
Syke, such, so
Sythe, since
Sythence, since then

T.

Takells, arrows
Talbots, a species of dogs
Tempest-chaft, tempest-beaten
Tende, attend, or wait
Tene, sorrow
Tentyflie, carefully
Thight, consolidated, closed
Thilk, that, or such
Thoughtenne, thought
Thraslarke, thrushes
Throstle, thrush
Thyk, such
Tore, torch
Tournie, tournament
Trechit, tregct, deceit
Trone, throne
Trothe, truth
Troulie, true, truly
Twaie, two
Twayne, two
Twighte, plucked, pulled
Twytte, pluck, or pull
Tynge, tongue
Tytend, tightened, fastened

SELECT POEMS

OF

WALTER HARTE:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE OF HARTE.

THE father of WALTER HARTE was the Rev. Walter Harte, fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, prebendary of Wales, canon of Bristol, and vicar of St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, Somersetshire. Refusing to take the oaths after the revolution, which placed a new family on the throne, he relinquished all his preferments, in 1691, and retired to Kentbury in Buckinghamshire, where he died February 10, 1736, aged eighty-five. His son informs us, that when Judge Jeffries came to Taunton assizes in the year 1685, to execute his commission upon the unfortunate persons concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, Mr. Harte, then minister of St. Mary Magdalen's, waited on him in private, and remonstrated much against his severities. The Judge listened to him calmly, and with some attention, and though he had never seen him before, advanced him in a few months to a prebendal stall in the cathedral church of Bristol. 'I thought,' says Dr. Warton, who has introduced this story in his notes on Pope, 'the reader might not dislike to hear this anecdote of Jeffries, the only one action of his life that I believe does him any credit.'

The time of our poet's birth has not been settled. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, fixes it about the year 1707, but an earlier date will correspond better with circumstances. He received

his education at Marlborough school. At what time he went to Oxford does not appear, but he took his master's degree June 30, 1720, according to the last edition of the graduates of that university, a clear proof that he must have been born long before 1707. With Pope he acquired an early intimacy, and shared rather more of his friendship than that poet was wont to bestow on his brethren. Pope encouraged his poetical enthusiasm, and inserted many lines in his poems, and Harte repaid the instruction of so distinguished a preceptor, by compliments introduced not without elegance and propriety in his essays on Painting and on Satire, and elsewhere. In 1727, he published a volume of poems, dedicated to the gallant and eccentric earl of Peterborough, who was, as the author acknowledges, the first 'who took notice of him.' This volume was ushered in by a very numerous list of subscribers, among whom is the name of Alexander Pope, for four copies. In 1730, he published his essay on Satire, 8vo. and in 1735, the essay on Reason, folio, to which Pope contributed very considerably, although no part of his share can be exactly ascertained, except the two first lines. He afterwards published two sermons, the one entitled the Union and Harmony of Reason, Morality, and revealed Religion, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, February 27, 1736–7, which excited so much admiration, or curiosity, as to pass through five editions. The other was a fast sermon preached at the same place, January 9, 1739–40. He was afterwards vice-principal of St. Mary Hall, and held in so much reputation as a tutor, that Lord Lyttleton, who was one of his earliest friends, recommended him to the earl of Chesterfield, as a private and travelling preceptor to his natural son. With this young man, to whom his lordship addressed those letters which have had so much vogue, Mr. Harte travelled from the year

1746 to 1750. Lord Chesterfield is said to have procured for him a canonry of Windsor, in 1751, "with much difficulty," arising from his college connections, St. Mary Hall, of which Dr. King was principal, being at that time noted for jacobitism.

In 1759, he published his history of Gustavus Adolphus, 2 vols. 4to. a work on which he had bestowed much labour, and in which he has accumulated very valuable materials. An edition was soon published in German by George Henry Martini, with a preface, notes, and corrections, from the pen of the translator, John Gotlieb Bohme, Saxon historiographer, and professor of history in the university of Leipzic. Its success, however, at home, was far inferior to his hopes, yet sufficient to encourage him to publish an octavo edition in 1763, corrected and improved. At this time he resided at Bath, dejected and dispirited between real and imaginary distempers. In November, 1766, a paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech, and in some degree his head. He employed, however, his intervals of health, in preparing the Amaranth for the press, which was published in 1767. In the following year, he had entirely lost the use of his left side, and he languished in this melancholy condition till March, 1774, when he breathed his last, having just outlived the publication of the celebrated letters addressed to his pupil Mr. Stanhope. At the time of his death he was vicar of St. Austel and St. Blazy, in Cornwall. Frequent mention of his character and writings occurs in Chesterfield's letters. "Next week Harte will send you his Gustavus Adolphus (March 30, 1759,) in two quartos: it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he had abundant and authentic materials which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history: though between you and me, I could have

wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough, of all conscience, to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his lucerne, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and, as he says, profit."

April 16, 1759. 'I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's Gustavus Adolphus does not take at all, and consequently sells very little: it is certainly informing, and full of good matter; but it is as certain too, that the style is execrable: where the d—l he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind: it is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms: in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low.'

November 27, 1762. 'Harte is going to publish a new edition of his Gustavus, in octavo: which, he tells me, he has altered, and which, I could tell him he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former'

December 18, 1763. 'Harte has a great poetical work to publish before it be long: he has shown me some parts of it; he had entitled it Emblems; but I persuaded him to alter that name for two reasons; the first was, because they were not emblems, but fables: the second was, that if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him: so they are to be called fables, though moral tales would, in my mind, be the properest name: if you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that *sunt plura bona: quædam mediocria et quædam.*'

September 3, 1764. 'I have received a book for

you, and one for myself from Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as I confess it did me. This work is not only English, but good and elegant English: he has even scattered graces upon his subject: and in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse, I have written to him to congratulate his happy transformation.' November 28, 1765. 'Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hotwell at Bristol. He is a better poet than a philosopher: for all this illness and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill success of his Gustavus Adolphus He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted.' His life of Gustavus Adolphus was a very unfortunate publication. He had learning, industry, and the spirit of research: and he had acquired a considerable degree of political and military knowledge. He had, besides, access to the most valuable materials, and his work may be considered as in many respects original. But either through affectation, or by means of some desultory course of reading in every language but his own, he was led to adopt a style peculiarly harsh and pedantic, and often unintelligible by the irregular construction of his sentences, by new words of his own coinage, or by old words used in a new sense. The wonder is, that in all this he fancied himself 'writing in a style less laboured and ornamental than is usually exhibited by the fluent writers of the present age.' George Hawkins, his bookseller, we are told, sometimes objected to his uncouth words or phrases, while the work was in the press, but Harte refused to change them, and used to add with a complaisant sneer 'George, that's what we call writing!' It is such writing, however, as we do not find in his sermons printed in 1737 and 1740, far less in his Essays on Husbandry, which ought to have been mentioned as printed in 1764, and which,

with very few exceptions, are distinguished for perspicuity of style, and for more elegance than that subject is generally supposed to admit.

The life of Gustavus probably employed many of his years, at least the plan must have occupied his mind for a very considerable time before he began to collect his materials. The undertaking was suggested to him by lord Peterborough, with whom he could have had no communication, except previously to the year 1734, when his lordship's growing infirmities deprived him of the pleasures of society, and in the following years of his life. When travelling with Mr. Stanhope, our author procured access to various sources of information, and dwelt so long on his subject with a fond regard, that when he found how coolly his work was received by the world, and how harshly by the critics, he became uneasy, fretful, and, according to lord Chesterfield, seriously ill with disappointment. Dr. Johnson was of opinion, that the defects of his history proceeded not from imbecility, but from foppery: and, it is certain, that the critics, while they pointed out the defects in his style, passed due encomiums on the merit of the history in other respects. According to Boswell, Dr. Johnson said 'he was excessively vain. He put copies of his book, in manuscript, into the hands of lord Chesterfield and lord Granville, that they might revise it. Now how absurd was it to suppose that two such noblemen would revise so big a manuscript. Poor man! he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive: and he was ashamed to return when he found how ill his book had succeeded. It was unlucky in coming out the same day with Robertson's History of Scotland.'

Not the same day, for Robertson's History was published a month sooner, but Hume's House of Tudor came out the same week: and after perusing

these, poor Harte's style could not certainly be endured. It was not, however, so very absurd to submit his manuscript to lord Chesterfield or lord Granville, if they permitted him, and the former certainly did peruse it, although he might think it too generally contaminated for a few friendly hints or corrections.

With Pope, Harte appears to have been on very intimate terms, and we find his encomiastic lines among the testimonies of authors prefixed to the Dunciad. He had even attained so much character both as a poet and philosopher, that the Essay on Man was at first attributed to him. It may not be impertinent to introduce here an anecdote, related by Dr. Warton, who was very intimate with Harte. Pope told Mr. Harte, that, in order to disguise his being the author of the Second Epistle of the Essay on Man, he made, in the first edition, the following bad rhyme:

> A cheat! a whore! that starts not at the name,
> In all the inns of court, or Drury Lane;

"And Harte remembered to have often heard it argued, in inquiries about the author whilst he was unknown, that it was impossible it could be Pope's, on account of this very passage."

Harte's poems, in general, are entitled to considerable praise, although it may probably be thought that he was a better critic than a poet, and exhibited more taste than genius. His attachment to Pope led him to an imitation of that writer's manner, particularly in the *Essay on Reason* and that on *Satire*, which are now added to his other works.

His Essay on Reason has been somewhere called a fine philosopical poem. It might with more propriety be called a fine Christian poem, as it has more of religion than philosophy, and might have been aptly entitled An Essay on Revelation. The Essay on Satire has some elegant passages, but is desul-

tory, and appears to have been written as a compliment to the Dunciad of Pope, whose opinions he followed as far as they respected the merits of the dunces whom Pope chastised. So much knowledge of the art and acquaintance with the works of the most eminent painters, argue a taste, surprising at his early age. He had some turn for drawing, and made several sketches when abroad, which were afterwards engraved as head pieces for the poems in the Amaranth. In this Essay, he delights in images, which, although in general pleasing and just, are perhaps too frequently, and as it were periodically introduced. With all his admiration of Pope, he was not less attached to Dryden as a model, and if he has less harmony than Pope, he has at the same time less monotony. His translations are faithful and not inelegant. His acquaintance with the classics was very intimate, and he has decorated his Essays on Husbandry with a profusion of apt illustrations. The Soliloquy occasioned by the chirping of a Grasshopper is tender and playful, but his other small pieces are not entitled to particular notice.

SELECT POEMS.

AN

ESSAY ON PAINTING.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THOMAS EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Μιμητικη [Ποιησεως] τεχνη και δυναμις εστιν ανθιστροφος τη ζωγραφια. ζωγραφιαν μεν λεγουσιν ειναι ΦΘΕΙΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ την Ποιησιν, Ποιησιν δε ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ την ζωγραφιαν.

PLUTARCH, *de audiend. Poet.*

——————Poema
Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema.

ARGUMENT.

A parallel between painting and poetry—Advice to a good painter; instanced by Titian—An universal notion of beauty—That we must not despair—A luxuriant fancy, or too much exactness often faulty—Decency still to be preserved—Repose and solitude—Nature to be imitated—In a fault whether to be corrected or not—The *Je ne scai quoi* of beauty—Draperies—An encomium on painting—The episode of Mimicina—Sculpture—Innovations faulty—Sometimes to be admired—Invention—Union of colours—Immoderate ornament—The Landscape—Design—The principal figure of a picture—Modesty in a painter—Harmony of colours—The surprise—Optics—The obscura camera described; its use in painting—Disposition of objects

—Two equal lights to be avoided in the same picture—Truth to be observed—Travelling, its use—Another parallel between poetry and painting—Their distinct excellencies considered—Painting far more lasting and universal—Yet derived its light first from poetry—Its rise and progress through all ages—An account of the most celebrated painters, with their several characters—Conclusion, with an address to the Earl of Pembroke.

WHATEVER yet in poetry held true,
If duly weigh'd, holds just in painting too:
Alike to profit and delight they tend,
The means may vary, but the same their end.
Alike from Heaven congenial first they came,
The same their labours, and their praise the same:
Alike by turns they touch the conscious heart,
And each on each reflects the lights of art.

You nobler youths, who listen to my lays,
And scorn by vulgar arts to merit praise,
Look cautious round, your genius nicely know,
And mark how far its utmost stretch will go;
Pride, envy, hatred labour to conceal,
And sullen prejudice, and party-zeal;
Approve, examine, and then last believe—
For friends mislead, and critics still deceive.
Who takes his censure or his praise on trust,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be just.

But where's the man with generous zeal inspir'd,
Dear in each age, in every art admir'd?
Bless'd with a genius strong, but unconfin'd,
A sprightly wit with sober judgment join'd,
A love of learning, and a patient mind;
A vigorous fancy, such as youth requires,
And health, and ease, and undisturb'd desires;

Who spares no pains his own defects to know,
Who not forgives, but ev'n admires a foe;
By manners sway'd, which, stealing on the heart,
Charm more through ease and happiness than art.
Such Titian was, by Nature form'd to please,
Bless'd in his fortunes, born to live at ease:
Who felt the poet's or the painter's fire,
Now dipp'd the pencil, and now tun'd the lyre:
Of gentlest manners in a court refin'd,
A friend to all, belov'd of all mankind;
The Muse's glory, as a monarch's care,*
Dear to the gay, the witty, and the fair!

But ah! how long will nature ask to give
A soul like his, and bid a wonder live?
Rarely a Titian or a Pope appears,
The forming glory of a thousand years!

A proper taste we all derive from Heav'n,
Wou'd all but bless, and manage what is giv'n.
Some secret impulse moves in every heart,
And nature's pleas'd with gentle strokes of art.
Most souls, 'tis true, this blessing faintly charms;
A distant flame, that rather shines than warms:
Like rays, through wintry streams reflected, falls
Its dubious light, in glimmering intervals.

Like Maro, first with trembling hand design
Some humble work, and study line by line:
A Roman urn, a grove-encircled bow'r,
The blushing cherry, or the bending flow'r.
Painful and slow to noble arts we rise,
And long long labours wait the glorious prize;
Yet by degrees your steadier hand shall give
A bolder grace, and bid each object live.

* Titian was created Count Palatine by Charles V. and most intimately acquainted with Ariosto, Aretine, &c.

So in the depths of some sequester'd vale,
The weary peasant's heart begins to fail:
Slowly he mounts the huge high cliff with pain,
And prays, in thought, he might return again:
Till opening all at once beneath his eyes,
The verdant trees and glittering turrets rise;
He springs, he triumphs, and like lightning flies.
Ev'n Raphael's self from rude essays began,
And shadow'd with a coal his shapeless man.
Time was, when Pope for rhymes would knit his brow,
And write as tasteless lines—as I do now.
'Tis hard a sprightly fancy to command,
And give a respite to the labouring hand;
Hard as our eager passions to restrain,
When priests, and self-denial, plead in vain:
When pleasures tempt, and inclinations draw,
When vice is nature, and our will the law,
As vain we strive each trivial fault to hide,
That shows but little judgment, and more pride.
Like some nice prude, offensive to the sight,
Exactness gives at best a cold delight;
Each painful stroke disgusts the lively mind;
For art is lost, when overmuch refin'd:
So nice reformers their own faith betray,
And school-divines distinguish sense away.
To err is mortal, do whate'er we can,
Some faulty trifles will confess the man.
Dim spots suffuse the lamp that gilds the sky,
If nicely trac'd through Galilæo's eye.
Wisest are they, who each mad whim repress,
And shun gross errors, by committing less.
Still let due decencies preserve your fame,
Nor must the pencil speak the master's shame.

Each nobler soul in every age was giv'n
To bless mankind, for arts descend from Heav'n.
Gods! shall we then their pious youth profane,
To' oblige the young, the noble or the vain?
Whoever meditates some great design,
Where strength and nature dawn at every line;
Where art and fancy full perfection give,
And each bold figure glows, and seems to live:
Where lights and shades in sweet disunion play,
Rise by degrees, or by degrees decay;
Far let him shun the busy noise of life,
Untouch'd by cares, uncumber'd with a wife.
Bear him, ye muses! to sequester'd woods,
To bowery grottos, and to silver floods!
Where peace and friendship hold their gentle reign,
And love, unarm'd, sits smiling on the plain;
Where nature's beauties variously unite,
And in a landscape open on the sight;
Where Contemplation lifts her silent eye,
And, lost in vision, travels o'er the sky.
Soft as his ease the whispering zephyrs blow,
Calm as his thoughts the gentle waters flow:
Hush'd are his cares, extinct are Cupid's fires,
And restless hopes, and impotent desires.

But Nature first must be your darling care;
Unerring Nature, without labour fair,
Art from this source derives her true designs,
And sober judgment cautiously refines:
No look, no posture must mis-shap'd appear:
Bold be the work, but boldly regular.
When mercy pleads, let softness melt the eyes;
When anger storms, the swelling muscles rise.
A soft emotion breathes in simple love,
The heart just seems to beat, the eye to move.

Gently, ah! gently, languor, seems to die,
Now drops a tear, and now steals out a sigh.
Let awful Jove his lifted thunders wield;
Place azure Neptune in the watery field:
Round smiling Venus draw the faithless boy,
Surmise, vain hopes, and short-enduring joy.
But should you dress a nymph in monstrous ruff,
Or saintly nun profane with modish snuff:
Each fool will cry, "O horribly amiss!
The painter's mad; mend that, and alter this."
From Heaven descending, beauteous Nature came,
One clear perfection, one eternal flame,
Whose lovely lights on every object fall
By due degrees, yet still distinguish all.
Yet, as the best of mortals are sometimes
Not quite exempt from folly or from crimes;
There are, who think that nature is not free
From some few symptoms of deformity.
Hence springs a doubt, if painters may be thought
To err, who copy nature in a fault,
Led by some servile rule, whose power prevails
On imitation, when the' example fails.
Poets and painters, here employ your skill;
Be this the doctrine of your good and ill,
Enough to pose the critics of a nation,
Nice as the rules of puritan-salvation.
Yet if the seeds of art we nicely trace;
There dawns a heavenly, all-inspiring grace,
No tongue expresses, it no rule contains;
(The glorious cause unseen) the' effect remains
Fram'd in the brain, it flows with easy art,
Steals on the sense, and wins the yielding heart
A pleasing vigour mix'd with boldness charms,
And happiness completes what passion warms.

Nor is it thought a trifle, to express
The various shapes and foldings of the dress,
With graceful ease the pencil to command,
And copy nature with a hasty hand.
Through the clear robe the swelling muscles rise
Or heaving breasts, that decently surprise;
As some coy virgin with dejected mien
Conceals her charms, yet hopes they may be seen.
Be every person's proper habit known,
Peculiar to his age or sex alone.
In flowing robes the monarch sweeps along,
Large are the foldings, natural, and strong:
Wide ample lights in spreading glories play,
And here contrasted, deeper shades decay.
The virgin-powers who haunt the silver floods,
And hoary hills, and consecrated woods,
Soft strokes, and graceful negligence, demand,
The nice resultance of an easy hand;
Loose to the winds their airy garments fly
Like filmy dews, too tender for the eye.
But ere these charms are to perfection wrought,
Adapted manuals must be nicely sought:
Gay vivid colours must the draught inspire,
Now melt with sweetness, and now burn with fire.
A nothern sky must aid the steady sight,
Else the shades alter with the transient light.
Methinks the loaded table stands display'd,
Each nicer vase 'in mystic order laid.'
Here ocean's mistress heaps around her shells
Beauteous, and recent from the sea-green cells;
The taper pencils here are rang'd apart,
There chalk, lead, vials, and loose schemes of art.
So when bold Churchill, with a general's care,
Eyes his brave Britons crowding to the war;

Watchful and silent move the duteous bands,
One look excites them, and one breath commands.
Hail happy Painting! to confirm thy sway,
Ocean and air their various tributes pay.
The purple insect* spreads her wings to thee,
Waft o'er the breeze, or glitters on the tree.
Earth's winding veins unnumber'd treasures hold
And the warm champaign ripens into gold.
A clearer blue the lazuli bestows,
Here umber deepens, there vermilion glows.
For thee, her tender greens and flowerets rise,
Whose colours change in ever-mingling dyes;
Ev'n those fair groves (for Eden first design'd)
Weep in soft fragrance through their balmy rind:
Transparent tears! that glitter as they run,
Warm'd with the blushes of the rising sun.
Here cease my song—a gentler theme inspires
Each tender thought, and wakes the lover's fires.
Once more your aid, celestial muses, bring;
Sacred the lays! nor to the deaf we sing.
In ancient Greece there liv'd, unknown to fame,
A nymph, and Mimicina was her name.
Smit by a neighbouring youth, betimes she fell
Victim to love, and bade the world farewell.
Thoughtful and dull, she pin'd her bloom away
In lonely groves, nor saw the cheerful day.
This might be borne—but lo! her lovely swain
Must part, ah, never to return again!
One mutual kiss must mutual passion sever,
One look divide 'em, and divide for ever!
See, now she lies abandon'd to despair,
And to rude winds unbinds her flowing hair:
Beauteous neglect! when melting to her woes
A sylvan maid from her dark grotto rose:

* The cochineal.

(Long had she view'd the solitary fair,
Her bleeding bosom heav'd with equal care)
A heavenly picture in her hand she bore,
She smil'd, she gave it, and was seen no more—
Pleas'd Mimicina, speechless with surprise,
Ey'd the fair form, and lightning of the eyes:
She knew—and, sighing, gave a tender kiss;
Her noble passion was content with this:
No more his absence or her woes deplor'd,
And as the living, she the dead ador'd.

Thus Painting rose, to nourish soft desires,
And gentle hopes, and friendship's purer fires:
Thus still the lover must his nymph adore,
And sigh to charms, that ought to charm no more.
Thus when these eyes, with kind illusions bless'd,
Survey each grace Pathenia once possess'd;
Her winning sweetness, and attractive ease,
And gentle smiles that never fail'd to please;
Heavens! how my fancy kindles at the view,
And my fond heart relents, and bleeds anew!
Fair faithless virgin! with constraint unkind,
Misled by duty, and through custom blind:
Perhaps ev'n now, from pride and interest free,
Thou shar'st each pang of all I felt for thee;
Ah, no—my prayers, my tears, my vows resign,
Alas 'tis now a crime to call me thine,
To act the tender or the friendly part;
No—hate, forget me, tear me from thy heart.

Yet still thy smiles in breathing paint inspire,
Still thy kind glances set my soul on fire.
Thither each hour I lift my thoughtful eye,
Now drop a tear, now softly breathe a sigh;
Sacred till death my gentlest vows shall be,
And the last gasp of life be breath'd for thee!

You too, O Sculpture! shall exalt my lays,
Pictura's sister-candidate for praise!
Soft Raphael's air divine, Antonio* shows;
And all Le Brun in mimic Picart† glows.
Hither, ye nations, now direct your eyes,
Rise crown'd with lustre, gentle Albion rise!
Now thy soft Hollar, now thy Smith appears,
A faultless pattern to succeeding years;
There sacred domes† in lengthening vistas charm,
And British beauties here for ever warm.
Most painters, of less judgment than caprice,
Are like old maidens, infamously nice:
It matters nought if rules be false or true,
All should be modish, whimsical, and new;
Fond of each change, the present still they praise,
So women love—and actors purchase plays.
As if self-love, or popular offence,
Receiv'd a sanction to mislead our sense;
Or party-notions, vapours, faith, and zeal
Were all, at proper times, infallible.
True wit and true religion are but one,
Though some pervert 'em, and ev'n most have none.
Who thinks what others never thought before,
Acts but just that, his sons will act no more.
Yet on a time, when vigorous thoughts demand,
Indulge a warmth, and prompt the daring hand:
On purpose deviate from the laws of art,
And boldly dare to captivate the heart;
Breasts warm'd to rapture shall applaud your fire,
May disapprove you, but shall still admire.

* Two engravers, famous for their prints copied from Raphael and Le Brun.

† Alluding to Hollar's etchings in the Monasticon.

The Grecian artists, at one dash, supplied
What patient touches and slow art denied.
So when pale Florio in the gloomy grove
Sits sadly musing on the plagues of love,
When hopes and fears distract his timorous mind,
And fancy only makes the nymph unkind:
Desperate, at last, he rushes from the shade,
By force and warm address to win the maid:
His brisk attack the melting nymph receives
With equal warmth, he presses, she forgives;
One moment crowns whole tedious years of pain,
And endless griefs, and health consum'd in vain.
Of every beauty that conspires to charm
Man's nicer judgment, and his genius warm,
To just invention be the glory giv'n,
A particle of light deriv'd from heaven.
Unnumber'd rules to' improve the gift are shown
By every critic, to procure it, none.
Some colours often to the rest impart
New graces more through happiness than art.
This nicely studied, will your fame advance,
The greatest beauties seldom come by chance.
Some gaze at ornament alone, and then
So value paint, as women value men.
It matters nought to talk of truth or grace,
Religion, genius, customs, time, and place.
So judge the vain and young; nor envy we:
They cannot think indeed—but they may see.
Excessive beauty, like a flash of light,
Seems more to weaken than to please the sight.
In one gay thought luxuriant Ovid writ,
And Voiture tires us, but with too much wit.
Some all their value for grotesque express,
Beauty they prize, but beauty in excess:

Where each gay figure seems to glare apart,
Without due grace, proportion, shades, or art.
(The sad remains of Goths in ancient times,
And reverend dullness, and religious rhymes)
So youthful poets ring their music round
On one eternal harmony of sound.
'The lines are gay,' and whosoe'er pretends
To search for more, mistakes the writer's ends.
Colours, like words, with equal care are sought,
These please the sight, and those express the thought;
But most of all, the landscape seems to please
With calm repose, and rural images.
See in due lights the' obedient object stand,
As happy ease exalts the master's hand.
See, absent rocks hang trembling in the sky,
See, distant mountains vanish from the eye;
A darker verdure stains the dusky woods:
Floats the green shadow in the silver floods;
Fair visionary worlds surprise the view,
And fancy forms the golden age a-new.
True just designs will merit honour still;
Who begins well can scarcely finish ill.
Unerring truth must guide your hand aright,
Art without this is violence to sight.——
The first due postures of each figure trace
In swelling out-lines with an easy grace.
But the prime person mostly will demand
The' unwearied touches of thy patient hand:
There thought, and boldness, strength, and art conspire,
The critic's judgment, and the painter's fire;
It lives, it moves, it swells to meet the eye:
Behind the mingling groups in softer shadows die.

Never with self-design your merits raise,
Nor let your tongue be echo to your praise:
To wiser heads commit such points as these;
A modest blush will tell how much they please.
In days of yore, a prating lad, they say,
Met glorious Rubens journeying on the way:
Sneering, and arch, he shakes his empty head,
(For half-learn'd boys will talk a Solon dead)
'Your servant, good Sir Paul; why, what, the devil,
The world to you is more than fairly civil;
No life, no gusto in your pieces shine,
Without decorum, as without design.'
Sedate to this the heaven-born artist smil'd,
'Nor thine nor mine to speak our praise, my child;
Each shall expose his best to curious eyes,
And let the' impartial world adjust the prize.'
Let the soft colours sweeten and unite
To one just form, as all were shade or light.
Nothing so frequent charms the' admiring eyes,
As well-tim'd fancy, and a sweet surprise.
So when the Grecian labour'd to disclose
His nicest art*, a mimick lark arose:
The fellow birds in circles round it play'd,
Knew their own kind, and warbled to a shade.
So Vandervaart in later times excell'd,
And nature liv'd in what our eyes beheld.
He too can oft† (in optics deeply read)
A noon-day darkness o'er his chamber spread.
The transient objects, sudden as they pass
O'er the small convex of the visual glass,

* See Pliny's Natural History, lib. 35. cap. 10.

† This practice is of no late invention. Baptista Porta, who flourished about the year 1500, gives an ingenious account of it in his Natural Magic, lib. 17.

Transfer'd from thence by magic's powerful call,
Shine in quick glories on the gloomy wall;
Groves, mountains, rivers, men, surprise the sight,
Trembles the dancing world, and swims the wavy light.
Each varying figure in due place dispose,
These boldly heighten, touch but faintly those.
Contiguous objects place with judgment nigh,
Each due proportion swelling on the eye.
Remoter views insensibly decay,
And lights and shadows sweetly drop away.
In bluish white the furthest mounts arise,
Steal from the eye, and melt into the skies.
Hence sacred domes in lengthening isles extend,
Round columns swell, and rising arches bend:
Obliquer views in side-long vistas glance,
And bending groves in fancy seem to dance.
Two equal lights descending from the sky,
O'erpower each other, and confuse the eye.
The greatest pleasures tire the most, and such
Still end in vices, if enjoy'd too much.
Though painters often to the shades retire,
Yet too long ease but serves to quench the fire:
Wing'd with new praise, methinks they boldly fly
O'er airy Alps, and seem to touch the sky.
Still true to fame, here well-wrought busts decay,
High turrets nod, and arches sink away:
Ev'n the bare walls, whose breathing figures glow'd
With each warm stroke that living art bestow'd,
Or slow decay, or hostile time invades,
And all in silence the fair fresco fades.
Each image yet in fancied thoughts we view,
And strong idea forms the scene a-new:

Delusive, she, Paulo's free stroke supplies,
Revives the face, and points the' enlightening eyes.
'Tis thought, each science, but in part, can boast
A length of toils for human life at most:
(So vast is art!) if this remark prove true,
'Tis dangerous sure to think at once of two;
And hard to judge if greater praise there be
To please in painting, or in poetry;
Yet Painting lives less injur'd or confin'd,
True to the' idea of the master's mind:
In every nation are her beauties known,
In every age the language is her own:
Nor time nor change diminish from her fame;
Her charms are universal, and the same.
O, could such blessings wait the poet's lays,
New beauties still, and still eternal praise!
Ev'n though the muses every strain inspire,
Exalt his voice, and animate his lyre:
Ev'n though their art each image should combine
In one clear light, one harmony divine:
Yet ah, how soon the casual bliss decays,
How great the pains, how transient is the praise!
Language, frail flower, is in a moment lost,
(That only product human wit can boast)
Now gay in youth, its early honours rise,
Now hated, curs'd, it fades away, and dies.
Yet verse first rose to soften humankind,
To mend their manners, and exalt their mind.
See, savage beasts stand listening to the lay,
And men more furious, and more wild than they;
Ev'n shapeless trees a second birth receive,
Rocks move to form, and statues seem to live.
Immortal Homer felt the sacred rage,
And pious Orpheus taught a barbarous age;

Succeeding painters thence deriv'd their light,
And durst no more, than those vouchsaf'd to write.
At last to' adorn the gentler arts, appears
Illustrious Xeuxis from a length of years.
Parrhasius' hand with softening strokes express'd
The nervous motions, and the folded vest:
Pregnant of life his rounded figures rise,
With strong relievo swelling on the eyes,
Evenor bold, with fair Apelles came,
And happy Nicias crown'd with deathless fame.
At length from Greece, of impious arms afraid,
Painting withdrew, and sought the' Italian shade;
What time each science met its due regard,
And patrons took a pleasure to reward.
But ah, how soon must glorious times decay,
One transient joy, just known, and snatch'd away!
By the same foes, which Painting shun'd before,
Ev'n here he bleeds, and arts expire once more.
Ease, lust, and pleasures, shake a feeble state,
Gothic invasions, and domestic hate;
Time's slow decays, what these ev'n spare, consume,
And Rome lies buried in the depths of Rome!
Long slumber'd Painting in a stupid trance
Of heavy zeal, and monkish ignorance:
(When faith itself for mere dispute was giv'n,
Subtile was wise, and wranglers went to heav'n.)
Till glorious Cimabue* restor'd her crown,
And dip'd the pencil, studious of renown.
Masaccio taught the finish'd piece to live,
And added every grace of perspective.

* Giovanni Cimabue, born at Florence in the year 1240; he was the first person who revived painting after its unfortunate extirpation.

Exact correctness Titian's hand bestow'd,
And Vinci's stroke with living labour glow'd.
Next Julio rose, who every language knew,
Liv'd o'er each age, and look'd all nature through.
In happy Paulo strength and art conspire,
The graces please us, and the muses fire.
Each nobler secret others boast alone,
By curious toil Caracci made his own:
Raphael's nice judgment, Angelos' design,
Correggio's warmth, and Guido's pleasing line.
Thrice glorious times, when every science charms,
When rapture lifts us, and religion warms!
Vocal to heaven the swelling organs blow,
A shriller consort aids the notes below;
Above, around, the pictur'd saints appear,
And listening seraphs smile and bend to hear.
Thence Painting, by some happy genius led,
O'er the cold north in slow approaches spread.
Ev'n Britain's isle, that blush'd with hostile gore,
Receiv'd her laws, unknown to yield before;
Relenting now, her savage heroes stand,
And melt at every stroke from Rubens' hand.
Still in his right the graceful Jervas sways,
Sacred to beauty, and the fair one's praise,
Whose breathing paint another life supplies,
And calls new wonders forth from Mordaunt's eyes.
And Thornhill, generous as his art, design'd
At once to profit and to please mankind.
Thy dome, O Paul's! which heavenly views adorn,
Shall guide the hands of painters yet unborn;
Each melting stroke shall foreign eyes engage,
And shine unrivall'd through a future age.
Hail, happy artists! in eternal lays
The kindred muses shall record your praise;

Whose heavenly aid inspir'd you first to rise,
And fix'd your fame immortal in the skies:
There sure to last, till Nature's self expires,
Increasing still, and crown'd with clearer fires;
High rais'd above the blasts of public breath,
The voice of hatred, and the rage of death.
Ah, thus for ever may my numbers shine,
Bold as your thoughts, but easy as your line!
Then might the muse to distant ages live,
Contract new beauty, and new praise receive;
Fresh strength, and light, ev'n time itself bestow,
Soften each line, and bid the thought to glow;
(Fame's second life) whose lasting glory fears
Nor change, nor envy, nor devouring years.
Then should these strains to Pembroke's hand be borne—
Whom native graces, gentle arts adorn,
Honour unshaken, piety resign'd,
A love of learning, and a generous mind.
Yet, if by chance, enamour'd of his praise,
Some nobler bard shall rise in future days,
(When from his Wilton-walls the strokes decay,
And all Art's fair creation dies away:
Of solid statues, faithless to their trust,
In silence sink, to mix with vulgar dust;)
Ages to come shall Pembroke's fame adore,
Dear to the Muse, till Homer be no more.

AN

ESSAY ON SATIRE,

PARTICULARLY ON THE DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT.

I. The origin and use of Satire. The excellency of Epic Satire above others, as adding example to precept, and animating by fable and sensible images. Epic Satire compared with Epic Poem, and wherein they differ: Of their extent, action, unities, episodes, and the nature of their morals. Of parody; of the style, figures, and wit proper to this sort of poem, and the superior talents requisite to excel in it.

II. The characters of the several authors of Satire. 1. The ancients; Homer, Simonides, Archilochus, Aristophanes, Menippus, Ennius, Lucilius, Varro, Horace, Persius, Petronius, Juvenal, Lucian, the emperor Julian. 2. The moderns: Tassoné, Cocsalus, Rabelais, Regnier, Boileau, Dryden, Garth, Pope.

III. From the practice of all the best writers and men, in every age and nation, the moral justice of Satire in general, and of this sort in particular, is vindicated. The necessity of it shown in this age more especially, and why bad writers are at present the most proper objects of Satire. The true causes of bad writers. Characters of several sorts of them now abounding; envious critics, furious pedants, secret libellers, obscene poetesses, advocates for corruption, scoffers at religion, writers for deism, deistical and Arian clergymen.

Application of the whole discourse to the Dunciad; concluding with an address to the author of it.

To' exalt the soul, or make the heart sincere,
To arm our lives with honesty severe,
To shake the wretch beyond the reach of law,
Deter the young, and touch the bold with awe,

To raise the fall'n, to hear the sufferer's cries,
And sanctify the virtues of the wise,
Old Satire rose from probity of mind,
The noblest ethics to reform mankind.
As Cynthia's orb excels the gems of night
So Epic Satire shines distinctly bright,
Here genius lives, and strength in every part,
And lights and shades, and fancy fix'd by art.
A second beauty in its nature lies,
It gives not things, but beings to our eyes,
Life, substance, spirit, animate the whole;
Fiction and fable are the sense and soul.
The common dulness of mankind, array'd
In pomp, here lives and breathes, a wondrous maid:
The poet decks her with each unknown grace,
Clears her dull brain, and brightens her dark face:
See! father Chaos o'er his first-born nods,
And mother Night, in majesty of gods:
See Querno's throne, by hands pontific rise,
And a fool's Pandæmonium strike our eyes!
Ev'n what on Curl the public bounteous pours,
Is sublimated here to golden show'rs.
A Dunciad or a Lutrin is complete,
And one in action, ludicrously great.
Each wheel rolls round in due degrees of force:
E'en episodes are needful or of course:
Of course, when things are virtually begun
Ere the first ends, the Father and the Son:
Or else so needful, and exactly grac'd,
That nothing is ill-suited, or ill-plac'd.
True epic's a vast world, and this a small;
One has its proper beauties, and one all:
Like Cynthia, one in thirty days appears,
Like Saturn, one rolls round in thirty years.

There opens a wide tract, a length of floods,
A height of mountains, and a waste of woods;
Here but one spot; nor leaf, nor green depart
From rules; e'en Nature seems the child of Art.
As unities in epic works appear,
So must they shine in full distinction here.
Ev'n the warm Iliad moves with slower pow'rs:
That forty days demands, this forty hours.
Each other Satire humbler arts has known,
Content with meaner beauties, though its own:
Enough for that, if rugged in its course
The verse but rolls with vehemence and force;
Or nicely pointed in the' Horatian way,
Wounds keen, like syrens mischievously gay.
Here all has wit, yet must that wit be strong,
Beyond the turns of epigram or song;
The thought must rise exactly from the vice,
Sudden, yet finish'd; clear, and yet concise.
One harmony must first with last unite;
As all true paintings have their place and light.
Transitions must be quick, and yet design'd,
Not made to fill, but just retain the mind:
And similes, like meteors of the night,
Just give one flash of momentary light.
As thinking makes the soul, low things express'd
In high rais'd terms, define a Dunciad best.
'Books and the man' demands as much, or more,
Than he who wander'd to the Latian shore:
For here (eternal grief to Duns's soul, [whole:
And B——'s thin ghost!) the part contains the
Since in mock-epic none succeeds, but he
Who tastes the whole of epic poesy.
The moral must be clear and understood;
But finer still, if negatively good:

Blaspheming Capaneus obliquely shows
To' adore those gods Æneas fears and knows.
A fool's the hero; but the poet's end
Is, to be candid, modest, and a friend.
Let classic learning sanctify each part,
Not only show your reading, but your art.
The charms of parody, like those of wit,
If well contrasted, never fail to hit;
One half in light, and one in darkness dress'd
(For contraries oppos'd still shine the best).
When a cold page half breaks the writer's heart,
By this it warms and brightens into art:
When rhetoric glitters with too pompous pride,
By this, like Circe, 'tis undeified:
So Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky, [flow'rs,
(Deck'd in rich robes, of trees, and plants, and
And crown'd illustrious with an hundred tow'rs)
O'er all Parnassus casts her eyes at once,
And sees an hundred sons—and each a Dunce.
The language next: from hence new pleasure
For styles are dignified, as well as things. [springs;
Though sense subsists, distinct from phrase or sound,
Yet gravity conveys a surer wound.
The chymic secret which your pains would find,
Breaks out, unsought for, in Cervantes' mind;
And Quixote's wildness, like that king's of old,
Turns all he touches into pomp and gold.
Yet in this pomp discretion must be had; [mad:
Though grave, not stiff; though whimsical, not
In works like these, if fustian might appear,
Mock epics, Blackmore, would not cost thee dear.
We grant that Butler ravishes the heart,
As Shakspeare soar'd beyond the reach of art;

(For nature form'd those poets without rules,
To fill the world with imitating fools).
What burlesque could, was by that genius done;
Yet faults it has, impossible to shun:
The' unchanging strain for want of grandeur cloys,
And gives too oft the horse-laugh mirth of boys:
The short-legg'd verse, and double-jingling sound,
So quick surprise us, that our heads run round:
Yet in this work peculiar life presides,
And wit, for all the world to glean besides.
Here pause, my Muse, too daring and too young!
Nor rashly aim at precepts yet unsung.
Can man the master of the Dunciad teach?
And these new bays what other hopes to reach?
'Twere better judg'd, to study and explain
Each ancient grace he copies not in vain;
To trace thee, Satire, to thy utmost spring,
Thy form, thy changes, and thy authors sing.
All nations with this liberty dispense,
And bid us shock the man that shocks good sense.
Great Homer first the mimic sketch design'd;
What grasp'd not Homer's comprehensive mind?
By him who virtue prais'd, was folly curs'd,
And who Achilles sung, drew Dunce the First.*
Next him Simonides, with lighter air,
In beasts, and apes, and vermin, paints the fair:
The good Scriblerus in like forms displays
The reptile rhymesters of these later days.
More fierce, Archilochus! thy vengeful flame;
Fools read and died: for blockheads then had shame.
The comic satirist† attack'd his age,
And found low arts, and pride, among the sage:

* Margites. † Aristophanes.

See learned Athens stand attentive by,
And Stoics learn their foibles from the eye.
Latium's* fifth Homer held the Greeks in view:
Solid, though rough, yet incorrect as new.
Lucillius, warm'd with more than mortal flame,
Rose next, and held a torch to every shame.
See stern Menippus, cynical, unclean;
And Grecian Cento's, mannerly obscene.
Add the last efforts of Pacuvius' rage,
And the chaste decency of Varro's page.†
See Horace next, in each reflection nice,
Learn'd, but not vain: the foe of fools, not vice.
Each page instructs, each sentiment prevails,
All shines alike; he rallies, but ne'er rails:
With courtly ease conceals a master's art,
And least expected steals upon the heart.
Yet Cassius‡ felt the fury of his rage,
(Cassius, the Welsted of a former age)
And sad Alpinus, ignorantly read,
Who murder'd Memnon, though for ages dead.
Then Persius came, whose line, though roughly wrought,
His sense o'erpaid the stricture of his thought.
Here in clear light the stoic-doctrine shines,
Truth all subdues, or patience all resigns.
A mind supreme! impartial, yet severe:
Pure in each act, in each recess sincere!
Yet rich ill poets urg'd the stoic's frown,
And bade him strike at dulness and a crown§.

* Ennius.
† See Varro's character in Cicero's Academics.
‡ Alludes to this couplet in his second Satire,
Compositum jus fasque animi sanctique recessus,
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.
§ See his first Satire on Nero's Verses.

The vice and luxury Petronius drew,
In Nero meet: the' imperial point of view:
The Roman Wilmot, that could vice chastise,
Pleas'd the mad king he serv'd to satarize.
The next* in Satire felt a nobler rage,
What honest heart could bear Domitian's age?
See his strong sense and numbers masculine!
His soul is kindled, and he kindles mine:
Scornful of vice, and fearless of offence,
He flows a torrent of impetuous sense.
Lo! savage tyrants who blasphem'd their God
Turn suppliants now, and gaze at Julian's† rod.
Lucian severe, but in a gay disguise,
Attacks old faith, or sports in learned lies;‡
Sets heroes and philosophers at odds;
And scourges mortals, and dethrones the gods.
Then all was night—but Satire rose once more
Where Medici and Leo arts restore.
Tassonè shone fantastic, but sublime:
And he,§ who form'd the Macaronic rhyme.
Then Westward too by slow degrees confess'd,
Where boundless Rabelais made the world his jest;
Marot had nature, Regnier force and flame,
But swallow'd all in Boileau's matchless fame,
Extensive soul! who rang'd all learning o'er,
Present and past—and yet found room for more.
Full of new sense, exact in every page,
Unbounded, and yet sober in thy rage.
Strange fate! thy solid sterling of two lines,
Drawn to our tinsel, through whole pages shines!¶

* Juvenal.
† The Cæsars of the Emperor Julian.
‡ Lucian's true History.
§ Teofilo Folengo.
¶ Roscommon, Revers'd.

In Albion then, with equal lustre bright,
Great Dryden rose, and steer'd by nature's light:
Two glimmering orbs he just observ'd from far,
The ocean wide, and dubious either star. [bruis'd,
Donne teem'd with wit, but all was maim'd and
The periods endless, and the sense confus'd:
Oldham rush'd on, impetuous and sublime,
But lame in language, harmony, and rhyme.
These (with new graces) vigorous nature join'd
In one, and center'd 'em in Dryden's mind.
How full thy verse! thy meaning how severe!
How dark thy theme! yet made exactly clear.
Not mortal is thy accent, nor thy rage;
Yet mercy softens or contracts each page.
Dread bard! instruct us to revere thy rules,
And hate, like thee, all rebels and all fools.
His spirit ceas'd not (in strict truth) to be;
For dying Dryden breath'd, O Garth! on thee,
Bade thee to keep alive his genuine rage,
Half-sunk in want, oppression, and old age;
Then, when thy pious hands* repos'd his head,
When vain young lords, and ev'n the flamen fled.
For well thou knew'st his merit and his art,
His upright mind, clear head, and friendly heart:
Ev'n Pope himself (who sees no virtue bleed
But bears the' affliction) envies thee the deed.
O Pope! instructor of my studious days,
Who fix'd my steps in virtue's early ways:
On whom our labours and our hopes depend,
Thou more than patron, and ev'n more than friend!
Above all flattery, all thirst of gain,
And mortal but in sickness, and in pain!

* Dr. Garth took care of Mr. Dryden's funeral, which one nobleman, who undertook it, had neglected.

Thou taught'st old Satire nobler fruits to bear,
And check'd her license with a moral care;
Thou gav'st the thought new beauties not its own,
And touch'd the verse with graces yet unknown.
Each lawless branch thy level eye survey'd
And still corrected Nature as she stray'd:
Warm'd Boileau's sense with Britain's genuine fire,
And added softness to Tassonè's lyre.

Yet mark the hideous nonsense of the age,
And thou thyself the subject of its rage:
So in old times, round godlike Scæva ran
Rome's dastard sons, a million, and a man.

The' exalted merits of the wise and good
Are seen far off, and rarely understood.
The world's a father to a dunce unknown,
And much he thrives, for, Dulness! he's thy own,
No hackney brethren e'er condemn him twice;
He fears no enemies but dust and mice.

If Pope but writes, the devil Legion raves,
And meagre critics mutter in their caves:
(Such critics of necessity consume
All wit, as hangmen ravish'd maids at Rome.)
Names he a scribbler? all the world's in arms,
Augusta, Granta, Rhedecyna swarms:
The guilty reader fancies what he fears,
And every Midas trembles for his ears.

See all such malice, obloquy, and spite
Expire ere morn, the mushroom of a night!
Transient as vapours glimmering through the glades
Half-form'd and idle, as the dreams of maids;
Vain as the sick man's vow, or young man's sigh,
Third nights of bards, or Henley's sophistry.

These ever hate the poet's sacred line:
These hate whate'er is glorious or divine.

From one eternal fountain beauty springs,
The energy of wit, and truth of things;
That source is God! from him they downwards tend,
Flow round—yet in their native centre end.
Hence rules, and truth, and order, dunces strike;
Of arts, and virtues, enemies alike.
Some urge, that poets of supreme renown
Judge ill to scourge the refuse of the town,
Howe'er their casuists hope to turn the scale,
These men must smart, or scandal will prevail.
By these the weaker sex still suffer most;
And such are prais'd who rose at honour's cost:
The learn'd they wound, the virtuous, and the fair,
No fault they cancel, no reproach they spare;
The random shaft, impetuous in the dark,
Sings on unseen, and quivers in the mark.
'Tis justice, and not anger, makes us write;
Such sons of darkness must be dragg'd to light:
Long-suffering nature must not always hold;
In virtue's cause 'tis generous to be bold.
To scourge the bad, the' unwary to reclaim,
And make light flash upon the face of shame.
Others have urg'd (but weigh it and you'll find
'Tis light as feathers blown before the wind)
That poverty, the curse of Providence,
Atones for a dull writer's want of sense:
Alas! his dulness 'twas that made him poor,
Not *vice versa*: we infer no more.
Of vice and folly poverty's the curse,
Heaven may be rigid, but the man was worse;
By good made bad, by favours more disgrac'd,
So dire the' effects of ignorance misplac'd!
Of idle youth, unwatch'd by parents' eyes!
Of zeal for pence, and dedication-lies!

Of conscience modell'd by a great man's looks!
And arguings in religion—from no books!
No light the darkness of that mind invades,
Where Chaos rules, enshrin'd in genuine shades;
Where, in the dungeon of the soul enclos'd
True Dulness nods, reclining and repos'd,
Sense, grace, or harmony, ne'er enter there,
Nor human faith, nor piety sincere;
A midnight of the spirits, soul and head,
(Suspended all) as thought itself lay dead.
Yet oft a mimic gleam of transient light
Breaks through this gloom, and then they think they write; [fly;
From streets to streets the' unnumber'd pamphlets
Then tremble Warner, Brown, and Billingsly.*
O thou most gentle deity appear,
Thou who still hears't, and yet art prone to hear:
Whose eye ne'er closes, and whose brains ne'er rest,
(Thy own dear Dulness bawling at shy breast)
Attend, O Patience, on thy arm reclin'd,
And see wit's endless enemies behind!
And ye, our Muses, with a hundred tongues,
And thou, O Henley; bless'd with brazen lungs;
Fanatic Withers! fam'd for rhymes and sighs,
And Jacob Behmen! most obscurely wise;
From darkness palpable, on dusky wings
Ascend! and shroud him who your offspring sings.
The first, with Egypt's darkness on his head,
Thinks wit the devil, and curses books unread.
For twice ten winters has he blunder'd on
Through heavy comments, yet ne'er lost nor won:
Much may be done in twenty winters more,
And let him then learn English at threescore.

* Three booksellers.

No sacred Maro glitters on his shelf,
He wants the mighty Stagyrite himself.
See vast Coimbria's* comments pil'd on high,
In heaps Soncinas,† Sotus' Sanchez lie;
For idle hours, Sa's‡ idler casuistry.
Yet worse is he, who, in one language read,
Has one eternal jingling in his head,
At night, at morn, in bed, and on the stairs,
Talk flights to grooms, and makes lewd songs at prayrs:
His pride, a pun; a guinea his reward;
His critic, Gildon, Jemmy Moore his bard.
What artful hand the wretch's form can hit,
Begot by Satan on a M——ly's§ wit:
In parties furious at the great man's nod,
And hating none for nothing, but his God:
Foe to the learn'd, the virtuous, and the sage,
A pimp in youth, an atheist in old age:
Now plung'd in bawdry and substantial lies,
Now dabbling in ungodly thories:
But so, as swallows skim the pleasing flood,
Grows giddy, but ne'er drinks to do him good:
Alike resolv'd to flatter or to cheat,
Nay worship onions, if they cry, 'come eat:'
A foe to faith, in revelation blind,
And impious much, as dunces are by kind.
Next see the masterpiece of flattery rise,
The' annointed son of Dulness and of Lies,
Whose softest whisper fills a patron's ear,
Who smiles unpleas'd, and mourns without a tear.

* Coimbria's comments. Colleg. Coimbricense, a society in Spain, which published tedious explanations of Aristotle.
† Soncinas, a schoolman.
‡ Sa (Eman. de.) See Paschal's Mystery of Jesuitism.
§ Probably Mrs. Manly was here intended.

Persuasive, though a woful blockhead he:
Truth dies before his shadowy sophistry.
For well he knows the vices of the town,
The schemes of state, and interest of the gown;
Immoral afternoons, indecent nights,
Enflaming wines, and second appetites.
But most the theatres with dulness groan,
Embrios half-form'd, a progeny unknown:
Fine things for nothing, transports out of season,
Effects un-caus'd, and murders without reason.
Here worlds run round, and years are taught to stay,
Each scene an elegy, each act a play.*
Can the same power such various passions move?
Rejoice or weep, 'tis every thing for love.
The self-same cause produces heaven and hell:
Things contrary as buckets in a well;
One up, one down, one empty, and one full;
Half high, half low, half witty, and half dull.
So on the borders of an ancient wood,
Or where some poplar trembles o'er the flood,
Arachne travels on her filmy thread,
Now high, now low, or on her feet or head.
Yet these love verse, as croaking† comforts frogs,
And mire and ordure are the heaven of hogs.
As well might nothing bind immensity,
Or passive matter immaterials see,

* Et chaque acte en sa piece est une piece entiere. *Boil.*

† When a poor genius has laboured much, he judges well not to expect the encomiums of the public: for these are not his due. Yet, for fear his drudgery should have no recompense, God (of his goodness) has given him a personal satisfaction. Thus the same deity (who is equally just in all points) has given frogs the comfort of croaking, &c.

Le Pere Gerasse Sommes Theol. L. 2.

As these should write by reason, rhyme, and rule,
Or he turn wit, whom nature doom'd a fool.
If Dryden err'd, 'twas human frailty once,
But blundering is the essence of a Dunce.
Some write for glory, but the phantom fades;
Some write as party or as spleen invades;
A third, because his father was well read,
And, murderer-like, calls blushes from the dead.
Yet all for morals and for arts contend——
They want 'em both, who never prais'd a friend.
More ill, than dull; for pure stupidity
Was ne'er a crime in honest Banks, or me.
See next a crowd in damasks, silks and crapes,
Equivocal in dress, half belles, half trapes:
A length of night-gown rich Phantasia trails,
Olinda wears one shift, and pares no nails:
Some in C——l's cabinet each act display,
When nature in a transport dies away;
Some, more refin'd, transcribe their opera-loves
On ivory tablets, or in clean white gloves;
Some of Platonic, some of carnal taste,
Hoop'd, or unhoop'd, ungarter'd, or unlac'd.
Thus thick in air the wing'd creation play,
When vernal Phœbus rolls the light away,
A motley race, half insects and half fowls,
Loose-tail'd and dirty, May-flies, bats, and owls.
Gods, that this native nonsense was our worst!
With crimes more deep, O Albion! art thou curs'd.
No judgment open profanation fears,
For who dreads God, that can preserve his ears?
Oh save me, Providence! from vice refin'd,
That worst of ills, a speculative mind!*

* Plato calls this an ignorance of a dark and dangerous nature, under appearance of the greatest wisdom.

Not that I blame divine philosophy,
(Yet much we risk, for pride and learning lie)
Heaven's paths are found by nature more than art,
The schoolman's head misleads the layman's heart.
What unrepented deeds has Albion done?
Yet spare us, Heaven! return, and spare thy own.
Religion vanishes to types and shade,
By wits, by fools, by her own sons betray'd!
Sure 'twas enough to give the devil his due:
Must such men mingle with the priesthood too?
So stood Onias at the' Almighty's throne,
Profanely cinctur'd in a harlot's zone.
Some Rome, and some the Reformation blame;
'Tis hard to say from whence such license came;
From fierce enthusiasts, or Socinians sad?
C——ns the soft, or Bourignon the mad?
From wayward nature, or lewd poets' rhymes?
From praying, canting, or king-killing times?
From all the dregs which Gallia could pour forth,
(Those sons of schism) landed in the north?—
From whence it came, they and the d—l best know;
Yet thus much, Pope, each atheist is thy foe.
O Decency, forgive these friendly rhymes,
For raking in the dunghill of their crimes:
To name each monster would make printing dear,
Or tire Ned Ward, who writes six books a year.
Such vicious nonsense, impudence, and spite,
Would make a hermit or a father write,
Though Julian held the world, and held no more
Than deist Gildon taught, or Toland swore;
Good Gregory* prov'd him execrably bad,
And scourg'd his soul, with drunken reason mad.

* Gregory Nazianzen: a father, at the beginning of the fourth century. He wrote two most bitter satires or invectives against the Emperor Julian.

Much longer, Pope restrain'd his awful hand,
Wept o'er poor Nineveh, and her dull band;
Till fools like weeds rose up, and chok'd the land.
Long, long he slumber'd, ere the' avenging hour;
For dubious mercy half o'er-rul'd his power:
Till the wing'd bolt, red hissing from above,
Pierc'd millions through———For such the wrath
of Jove.
Hell, chaos, darkness, tremble at the sound,
And prostrate fools bestrow the vast profound:
No Charon wafts 'em from the further shore,
Silent they sleep, alas! to rise no more.
O Pope, and sacred criticism! forgive
A youth who dares approach your shrine and live!
Far has he wander'd in an unknown night,
No guide to lead him, but his own dim light:
For him more fit, in vulgar paths to tread,
To show the' unlearned what they never read,
Youth to improve, or rising genius tend;
To science much, to virtue more, a friend.

A SIMILE,

UPON A SET OF TEA-DRINKERS.

So fairy elves their morning-table spread
O'er a white mushroom's hospitable head;
In acorn cups the merry goblins quaff
The pearly dews, they sing, they love, they laugh;
Melodious music trembles through the sky,
And airy-sounds along the green-wood die.

THE SAME,

DIVERSIFIED IN ANCIENT METRE.

So, yf deepe clerkes in times of yore saine trew,
Or poets eyne, perdie, mought sothly vew
The dapper elfins thyr queint festes bedight
Wyth mickle plesaunce on a mushroome lite:
In acorns cuppes thy quaffen daint liquere,
And rowle belgardes, and defflie daunce yfere;
Ful everidele they makin musike sote,
And sowns aeriall adowne the greene woode flotte.

A SOLILOQUY,

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! ever bless'd
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys and gentle song.
Wretched poet! ever curs'd,
With a life of lives the worst,
Sad despondence, restless fears,
Endless jealousies and tears.
In the burning summer, thou
Warblest on the verdant bough,
Meditating cheerful play,
Mindless of the piercing ray:
Scorch'd in Cupid's fervours, I
Ever weep, and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready nature waits thee still:
Balmy wines to thee she pours,
Weeping through the dewy flow'rs;
Rich as those by Hebe given
To the thirsty sons of heaven.
Yet alas! we both agree;
Miserable thou like me!
Each alike in youth rehearses
Gentle strains, and tender verses;
Ever wandering far from home;
Mindless of the days to come,
(Such as aged winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings)
Both alike at last we die;
Thou art starv'd, and so am I!

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heavenly lyre.
'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace,
How nature's self with living lustre shines;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;

To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides:
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
To inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from Heav'n.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays!
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line:
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse,
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets prove unjust:
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?
Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.
So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join:
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour grows:
Soft without weakness, without labour fair;
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!
How bless'd the man that from the world removes
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:

Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!
Nor deem this verse, though humble, thy disgrace:
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born to' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd:
Unbiass'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, AND ACQUIESCENCE

UNDER THE DIVINE WILL.

AN ODE.

(Written in the Alpine parts of Carniola, 1749.)

'The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them (the children of the Lord:) and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.'

Isaiah xxxv. 1. 2.

Why dwells my unoffending eye
On yon blank desert's trackless waste;
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast?

There Lysidor's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains Eudosia's praise;
here herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze.
Yet does my soul complacence find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!*

The high-arch'd church is lost in sky,
The base† with thorns and briars bound:
The yawning fragments nod from high,
With close-encircling ivy crown'd:
Heart-thrilling echo multiplies
Voice after voice, creation new!
Beasts, birds obscene, unite their cries:
Graves ope, and spectres free the view.
Yet nought dismays; and thence we find
'Tis all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Earth's womb, half dead to Ceres' skill,
Can scarce the cake of offering give;
Five acres' corn can hardly fill
The peasant's wain, and bid him live.
The starving beldam gleans in vain,
In vain the hungry chough succeeds:
They curse the unprolific plain,
The scurf-grown moss, and tawdry weeds.

* 'To be satisfied, is the highest pitch of art man can arrive to.' *St. Gregor. Hom.*

† Base, for basis. *See Zechar.* v. 3.

Yet still sufficiency we find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

December's Boreas issues forth,
In sullen gloom and horror dress'd,
Charg'd with the nitre of the north,
Abhor'd by man, by bird, and beast.
All nature's lovely tint embrown'd,
Sickens beneath the putrid blast:
Destruction withers up the ground,
Like parchment into embers cast.
Yet health and strength, and ease we find:
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Tremble, and yonder Alp behold,
Where half-dead nature gasps below:
Victim of everlasting cold,
Entomb'd alive in endless snow,
The northern side is horror all;
Against the southern Phœbus plays;
In vain the' innoxious glimmerings fall,
The frost outlives, outshines the rays.
Yet consolation still I find;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Bless me! how doubly sharp it blows,
From Zemblan and Tartarian coasts!
In sullen silence fall the snows;
The only lustre nature boasts:

The nitrous power with tenfold force
Half petrifies earth's barren womb,
High-arch'd cascades suspend their force,
Men freeze alive, and in the tomb.
Yet warmth and happiness we find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Then, in exchange, a month or more
The sun with fierce solsticial gleams
Darting o'er vales his raging pow'r,
Like ray-collecting mirrors beams.
Torrents and cataracts are dry,
Men seek the scanty shades in vain:
The solar darts like lightning fly,
Transpierce the skull, and scorch the brain,
Yet still no restless heats we find;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

For nature rarely form'd a soil
Where diligence subsistence wants;
Exert but care, nor spare the toil,
And all beyond the' Almighty grants.
Each earth at length to culture yields,
Each earth its own manure contains:
Thus the Corycian nurs'd his fields,*
Heaven gave the' increase, and he the pains.
The' industrious peace and plenty find;
All due to thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

* Virg. Georg. IV. 127.

Scipio sought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gain'd the prize,
Stole from the' ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be low and wise!
He serv'd the state with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retir'd:
Dismounting from the' unruly horse,
To rule himself, as sense requir'd.
Without a sigh, he power resign'd.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

When Dioclesian sought repose,
Cloy'd and fatigu'd with nauseous pow'r,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools to' admire, and rogues devour:
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health;
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And chang'd a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil sooth'd his cares, his blood refin'd——
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

He,* who had rul'd the world, exchang'd
His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
Postponing (as through groves he rang'd)
Court splendour to the rural shade.
Child of his hand, the' engrafted thorn
More than the victor laurel pleas'd:
Heart's-ease, and meadow-sweet, adorn
The brow, from civic garlands eas'd.

* Dioclesian.

Fortune, however poor, was kind.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Thus Charles, with justice styl'd the great,*
For valour, piety, and laws;
Resign'd two empires to retreat,
And from a throne to shades withdraws;
In vain (to sooth a monarch's pride)
His yoke the willing Persian bore:
In vain the Saracen complied,
And fierce Northumbrians stain'd with gore.
One Gallic farm his cares confin'd;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Observant of the' almighty will,
Prescient in faith, and pleas'd with toil.
Abram Chaldea left, to till
The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil:†
Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
But labour tam'd the' ungrateful plain,
And famine was by art repell'd;
Patience made churlish nature kind.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

* Charlemagne.
† Gen. xii. 31. Nehem. ix. 7. Judith v. 7.

THE

ENCHANTED REGION;

OR

MISTAKEN PLEASURE.

'The mistress of witchcrafts.' *Nahum* iii. 4.
'Draw near hither, ye sons of the sorceress.'
Isaiah lvii. 3.
'According to their pasture, so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted: therefore have they forgotten ME.'
Hosea xiii. 6.

EMPTY, illusory life,
Pregnant with fraud, in mischiefs rife;
Form'd to' ensnare us, and deceive us:
Nahum's enchantress! which beguiles
With all her harlotry of wiles!
First she loves, and then she leaves us!

Erring happiness beguiles
The wretch that strays o'er Circe's isles;
All things smile, and all annoy him;
The rose has thorns, the doves can bite;
Riot is a fatigue till night,
Sleep an opium to destroy him.

Louring in the groves of death
Yew-trees breathe funereal breath

Brambles and thorns perplex the shade:
Asphaltic waters creep and rest;
Birds, in gaudy plumage dress'd,
Scream unmeaning through the glade.

Earth fallacious herbage* yields,
And deep in grass its influence shields;
Acrid juices, scent annoying;
Corrosive crow-feet choke the plains,
And hemlock, strip'd with lurid stains,
And luscious mandrakes, life destroying.

Gaudy bella-donna† blowing,
Or with glossy berries glowing,
Lures the' unwise to tempt their doom:
Love's apple‡ masks the fruit of death;
Sick henbane murders with her breath,
Actea§ with an harlot's bloom.

One plant‖ alone is wrapt in shade;
Few eyes its privacy invade;
Plant of joy, of life, and health!
More than the fabled lotos fam'd,
Which (tasted once) mankind reclaim'd
From parents, country, power, and wealth.¶

On yonder Alp I see it rise,
Aspiring to congenial skies,

* —— fallax herba veneni. *Virg.*
† The bella-donna or deadly nightshade.
‡ Amomum Plinii. § Actæa; Herb Christopher.
‖ The passion-flower.
¶ See Homer's Odyssey, L. ix. 94, &c.

But cover'd half with ivy-walls;——
There, where Eusebio* rais'd a shrine,
Snatch'd from the gulf by power divine,
Where Reiga's tumbling torrent falls.†

Compar'd with thee, how dimly shows
Poor Anacreon's lifeless rose?
What is Homer's plant‡ to thee!——
In vain the Mantuan poet tried
To paint Amellus' starry§ pride,
Emblem of wit's futility!

Men saw, alas! and knew not thee,
Mystic evangelic tree!
Thou hadst no charms for paynim-eyes;
Till, guided by the lamp of heav'n,
To chaste Urania power was giv'n
To see, to' admire, and moralize.

All-beauteous flower, whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
Ray-like effulgence: next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfring'd with an impurpled blue,
And streak'd with young Pomona's green.‖

* The Baron de Bottoni.

† This alludes to a well known fact in the duchy of Carniola: where the present ode was written.

‡ Moly. *Homer's Odyssey*, L. XI. 305.

§ After Atticus, or (purple Italian) Star wort.
Georg. IV 271.

‖ Alluding to that particular species of green called by the French *pomme-verte*, or apple-green.

High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold,)
A radiant cross its form expands;
Its opening arms appear to' embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuge of all men in all lands!

Grant me, kind Heaven, in prosperous hour
To pluck this consecrated flower,
And wear it thankful on my breast;
Then shall my steps securely stray,
No pleasures shall pervert my way,
No joys seduce, no cares molest.

Like Tobit (when the hand, approv'd
By Heaven, the' obstructing films remov'd*)
I now see objects as I ought:
Ambition's hideous, pleasure vain,
Avarice is but a blockhead's gain,†
Possessing all, bestowing nought.

Passions and frauds surround us all,
Their empire is reciprocal;
Shun their blandishments and wiles;
Riches but serve to steel the heart;
Want has its meanness and its art;
Health betrays, and strength beguiles.

In highest stations snares misguide;
Midst solitude they nurture pride,

* Tobit iii. 17.

† 'All vices wax old by age: Covetousness and ambition alone grow young.' *E. Vet. Accet.*

Breeding vanity in knowledge;
A poison in delicious meat,
Midst wines a fraud, midst mirth a cheat,
In courts, in cabinet, and college.

The toils are fix'd, the sportsmen keen:
Abroad unsafe, betrayed within,
Whither, O mortal! art thou flying?
Thy resolutions oft are snares,
Thy doubts, petitions, gifts, and prayers;——
Alas, there may be snares in dying!

Deceiving none, by none ensnar'd,
O Paraclete,* be thou my guard,
Patron of every just endeavour!
The cross of Christ is man's reward;†
No heights obstruct, no depths retard;
Christian joys are joys for ever!

* ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΣ: The Comforter; the Holy Spirit. *John* xiv. 16—26.

Dryden first introduced the word Paraclete into the English language, in his translation of the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*: as also in his *Brittania Rediviva*.

† Rom. viii. 39.

MACARIUS:

OR,

THE CONFESSOR.

Da vocem magno, Pater, ingeniumque dolori.
STAT. *Epiced. Patris.*

AN EPISTLE TO

THE REV. DR. ROBERT HORT,

CANON OF WINDSOR.

All sober poets with thy bard* agree,
Who sung, 'That truth was truest poetry.'—
Alike to me, and the deceas'd,† a friend,
O Hort, to these my pious strains attend.
Thou knew'st the man, and thy good sense is such,
I dare not say too little, or too much.——
Under his eye the self-same views combin'd
Our studies, and one horoscope conjoin'd.
He check'd the' impatient wanderings of our youth,
And grafted on our fancy facts and truth.
Together we amus'd our youthful prime,
Days seem'd but hours, and time improv'd on time:

* Cowley. See his Davideis.

† The Rev. Walter Harte, Prebend of Bristol, Canon of Wells, and father to the poet.

Mindless of cares, and how they pass'd or came;
Our sports, our labours, and our rest, the same.*
See'st thou yon yews, by pensive nature made
For tears, and grief, and melancholy shade;
Wide o'er the church they spread an awful light,
Than day more serious, half-compos'd as night;
There, where the winding Kennet gently laves
Britannia's Lombardy† with silver waves:
There sleeps Macarius, foe to pomp and pride;
Who liv'd contented, and contented died.
Say, shall the lamp where Tullia was entomb'd
Burn twice seven ages, and be unconsum'd?
And not one verse be sacred to a name
Endear'd by virtuous deeds and silent fame?
True fame demands not panegyric aid;
The funeral torch burns brightest in the shade;
Too fast it blazes, fan'd by public air;——
Thus blossoms fall, before their tree can bear.
True fame, like porcelain earth, for years must lay
Buried and mix'd with elemental clay.‡
His younger days were not in trifling spent,
For pious Hall§ a kind inspection lent:

* These eight lines are imitated from a famous passage in Persius, Sat. V. It begins——

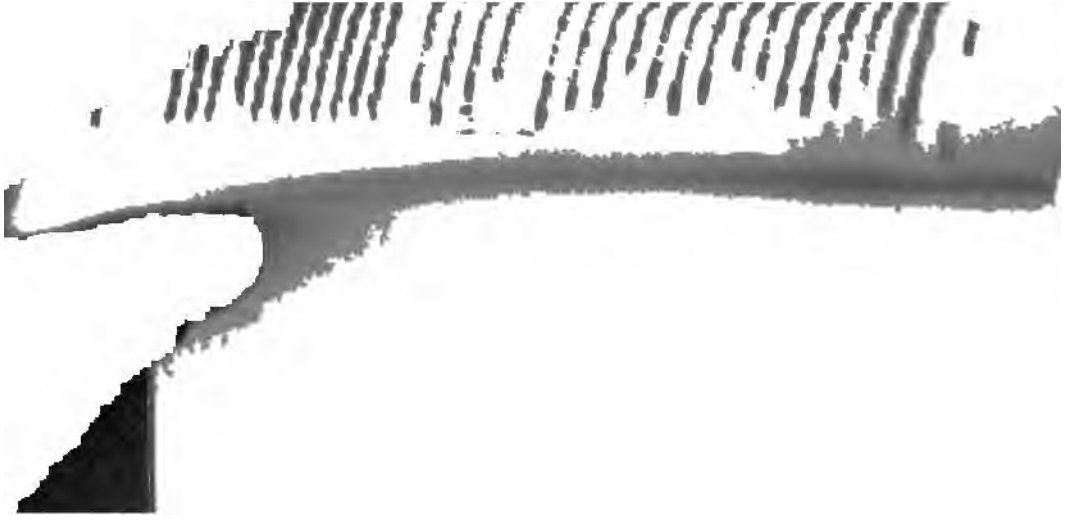
'Geminos horoscope,' &c.

† Berkshire.

‡ It is reported, that the Chinese beat and mix thoroughly together the composition that makes porcelain, and then bury it in a deep bed of clay for an hundred years

See Dr. Donne's Letters.

§ Mr. John Hall, master of Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1667, and rector of St. Aldate's in the same university. Created D. D. in 1669; elected Margaret Professor in 1676; and consecrated Bishop of Bristol the 12th of June, 1691.



But mostly Chrysostom engag'd his mind:
Great without labour, without art refin'd!
Now see his gentle elocution flows,
Soft as the flakes of heaven-descending snows.
Now see him, like the' impetuous torrent, roll:
Pure in his diction, purer in his soul:
By few men equall'd, and surpass'd by none;
A Tully and Demosthenes in one!
Something at cheerful intervals was due
To Roman classics, and Athenian too.
Plato with raptures did his soul inspire;
Plotinus fan'd the Academic* fire.
Then came the Stagyrite;—whose excellence
Beams forth in clearness, brevity, and sense!
Next, for amusement's sake, he turn'd his eyes
To them whom we despoil, and then despise:
Foremost of these, unrivall'd Shakspeare stands;
With Hooker, Raleigh, Chillingworth, and Sands;——†
(For in those days 'were giants in our lands!'

* Academic is used in the Horatian sense of the word:

'Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.'

† Edwyn Sandys, Archbishop of York, was one of the first eminent reformers, not only of our holy religion, but of our language. His sermons (the time when he preached them being duly considered) may be looked upon as a masterpiece of eloquence and fine writing. They were chiefly preached between the years 1550 and 157[illegible].

His son George (and here let me be understood to refer chiefly to his Paraphrase on Job) knew the true harmony of the English Heroic Couplet long before Denham and Waller took up the pen; and preserved that harmony more uniformly Variety perhaps was wanting, which Dryden afterwards supplied; but not till he came to the forty-fifth year of his age: namely, till the time he published 'Aurengzebe.'

Thus, like the bee, he suck'd from every flow'r,
And hour surpass'd the predecessor-hour.
Latimer's father* was his type of yore;
Little he had, but something, for the poor:
And oft on better days the board was spread
With wholesome meat and hospitable bread.
Poor in himself, men poorer he reliev'd,
And gave the charities he had receiv'd.
The midnight lamp, in crystal case enclos'd,
Beams bright; nor is to winds nor rains expos'd;
A watch-tower to the wanderers of mankind,
Forlorn, belated, and with passions blind;
Who tread the foolish round their fathers trod,
And, midst life's errors, hit on death's by-road.†
Midst racking pains‡ his mind was calm and ev'n;
Patience and cheerfulness to him were giv'n;
Patience! the choicest gift on this side Heav'n!
His strength of parts surviv'd the seventieth year,
And then, like northern fruits, left off to bear;

* Bishop Hugh Latimer (whom I quote only by memory, not having the original at hand) says, in one of his sermons, that, 'though his father possessed no more than forty acres of free land, or thereabouts, yet he had always something to give to the poor, and now and then entertained his friends;—that he portioned out three daughters, at 5*l.* a-piece, and bred up a son at the university; otherwise, (adds he) I should not have had the honour of appearing in this pulpit before the king's majesty.'

Note. The original edition says four acres, which must be an error of the press, instead of forty acres. Old Latimer lived in good repute about the year 1470, in which year his son Hugh was born.

† Wisdom of Solomon, i. 12.

‡ In the last years of his life, Macarius was grievously afflicted with nephritic pains.

Nought but a vestal fire such heat contains;
Age seldom boasts so prodigal remains.
Some few beyond life's usual date are cast:
Prime clusters of the grape,* till winter last.
To these a sacred preference is giv'n:
Each shaft is polish'd, and the' employer Heav'n.
Jeffries (if that were possible) restrain'd
His fury, when you mournfully complain'd;†
And Kirk's barbarians, hard as harden'd steel,
Forgot their Lybia, and vouchsaf'd to feel.
When crowns were doubtful, and when number steer'd
As honour prompted, or self-interest veer'd;
(Times! when the wisest of mankind might err,
And, lost in shadows, wrong or right, prefer;)
The tempter, in a vapour's form,‡ arose,
And o'er his eyes a dubious twilight throws,
To lead him, puzzling, o'er fallacious ground,
Suborn his passions, and his sense confound:
Pomp to foretaste, and mitres pre-descry;
(For mists at once enlarge and multiply:)
Our hero paus'd—and, weighing either side,
Took poverty and conscience for his guide:

* 2 Esdras xii. 42. † Isaiah xlix. 2.

‡ When Judge Jeffries came to Taunton assizes, in the year 1685, to execute his commission upon the unfortunate people concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, the person here spoken of, being minister of St. Mary Magdalen's Church at Taunton, waited on him in private, and remonstrated much against his severities. The judge listened to him calmly, and with some attention; and, though he had never seen him before, advanced him in a few months to a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of Bristol.

§ See Sandy's Paraphrase on Job, where Satan arises in form of an exhalation.

For he, who thinks he suffers for his God,
Deserves a pardon, though he feels the rod.
Yet blam'd he none (himself in honour clear;)
That were a crime had cost his virtue dear!
Thus all he lov'd; and party he had none,
Except with charity, and Heaven alone.
In his own friends some frailties he allow'd;
These were too singular, and those too proud.
Rare spirit! In the midst of party-flame,
To think well-meaning men are half the same!
B—— sometimes would to thy cottage tend;
An artful enemy, but seeming friend:
Conscious of having plan'd thy worldly fate,
He could not love thee, and he durst not hate.
But then seraphic Ken was all thy own;
And he,* who long declin'd Ken's vacant throne,
Begging with earnest zeal to be denied;—
By worldlings laugh'd at, and by fools decried:
Dodwell was thine, the humble and resign'd;
Nelson, with Christian elegance of mind;
And he,† whose tranquil mildness from afar
Spoke him a distant, but a brilliant star.
These all forsook their homes—nor sigh'd nor wept;——
Mammon they freely gave, but God they kept:
Ah, look on honours with Macarius' eyes;
Snares to the good, and dangers to the wise!
In silence for himself, for friends in tears,
He wander'd o'er the desert forty‡ years.

* Dr. George Hooper.
† Mr. John Kettlewell, Vicar of Coleshill in Warwickshire.
‡ See Exodus passim. Psalm xcv. 10. Hebrews iii. 17.

The cloud and pillar (or by night or day)
Reviv'd his heart, and ascertain'd the way.*
His sandals fail'd not; and his robes, untorn,
Escap'd the bramble and entangling thorn.†
Heaven purified for him the' embitter'd well,‡
And manna from aërial regions fell.§
At length, near peaceful Pisgah‖ he retir'd,
And found that rest his pilgrimage requir'd:
Where, as from toils he silently withdrew,
Half Palestina¶ open'd on his view:
'Go, pious hermit;' groves and mountains cried;
'Enter, thou faithful servant;' Heav'n replied.
Mild as a babe reclines himself to rest,
And smiling sleeps upon the mother's breast,
Tranquil, and with a patriarch's hopes, he gave
His soul to Heaven, his body to the grave;
And with such gentleness resign'd his breath,
That 'twas a soft extinction, and not death.
Happy! who thus, by unperceiv'd decay,
Absent themselves from life, and steal away.**
Accept this verse, to make thy memory live,
Lamented shade!—'Tis all thy son can give.

* Exod. xiii. 21. † Deut. viii. 4.

‡ Waters of Marah. Exod. xv. 23—25.

§ Ibid. xvi. 15 and 35. ‖ Deut. xxxiv. 1.

¶ Palestina is the scripture-word for Palestine. Isaiah xiv. 29, 31. Exod. xv. 14.

** Macarius (who was born the 28th of October 1650) was dispossessed of his preferments in 1691, and remained deprived till the time of his death, which happened in February 1735; and (which is remarkable) the Bishops Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne, all contrived that Macarius should receive the little profits from his Prebend of Wells as long as he lived: a circumstance to their honour as well as his.

Better to own the debt we cannot pay,
Than with false gold thy funeral rites defray.
Vainly my muse is anxious to procure
Gifts unavailing, empty sepulture;*
As vainly she expands her fluttering wings:
She is no swan, nor, as she dies, she sings.
He, that would brighten ancient diamonds, must
Clear and repolish them with diamond-dust;
That task is not for me: the Muses' lore
Is lost;—for Pope and Dryden are no more!
O Pope! too great to copy, or to praise!
(Whom envy sinks not, nor encomiums raise;)
Forgive this grateful tribute of my lays.
Milton alone could Eden lost regain;
And only thou portray Messiah's reign.
O early lost! with every grace adorn'd!
By me (so Heaven ordains it) always mourn'd.
By thee the good Macarius was approv'd:
Whom Fenton honour'd, and Philotheus† lov'd.
My first, my latest bread, I owe to thee:
Thou and thy friends, preserv'd my muse and me.
By proxy, from a generous kindred spread,
Thy Craggs's bounty fell upon my head:
Thy Mordaunt's‡ kindness did my youth engage,
And thy own Chesterfield protects my age.

* 'Hunc saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere.' *Virg.*

† Philotheus, Bishop Ken.

‡ Charles Earl of Peterborough, &c.

MEDITATIONS

ON

CHRIST'S DEATH AND PASSION.

AN EMBLEM.

'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: The chastisement of our peace was upon him.'

ISAIAH liii. 5.

Σος ειμι, ΧΡΙΣΤΕ· σωσον, ως Λυτρος Θνατος.

GREG. NAZ. Carm. Iamb.

RESPICE DUM TRANSIS, QUIA SIS MIHI CAUSA DOLORIS.

Haste not so fast, on worldly cares employ'd,
Thy bleeding Saviour* asks a short delay:
What trifling bliss is still to be enjoy'd,
What change of folly wings thee on thy way?
Look back a moment; pause a while,† and stay.

*'Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. The way wherein thou oughtest to walk; the truth which thou desirest to obtain; and the life of happiness which thou longest to enjoy.'

St. August.

†'If you labour for a time, you will afterwards enjoy an eternity of rest. Your sufferings are of a short duration, your joy will last for ever: and if your resolution wavers, and is going to desert you, turn your eyes towards mount Calvary, and consider what Christ suffered for you, innocent as he was. This consideration will enable you to say in the event, that your sufferings lasted only for a moment.' *Idem.*

For thee thy God assum'd the human frame;
For thee the guiltless pains and anguish tried;
Thy passions (sin excepted) his became:
Like thee he suffer'd, hunger'd, wept, and died.

Nor wealth nor plenty did he ever taste,
The moss his pillow, oft his couch the ground!
The poor man's bread completed his repast;
Home he had none, and quiet never found,
For fell reproach pursued, and aim'd the wound:
The wise men mock'd him, and the learned scorn'd;
The' ambitious worldling other patrons tried;
The power that judg'd him every foe suborn'd;
He wept unpitied, and unhonour'd died.

For ever mournful, but for ever dear;
O love stupendous! glorious degradation!
No death of sickness, with a common tear;——
No soft extinction claims our sorrows here;
But anguish, shame, and agonizing passion!
The riches of the world, and worldly praise,
No monument of gratitude can prove;
Obedience only the great debt repays,
An imitative heart and undivided love!

To see the image of the' All-glorious Pow'r
Suspend his immortality, and dwell
In mortal bondage, tortur'd every hour:
A self-made prisoner in a dolesome cell,
Victim for sin, and conqueror of hell!*

* Nolo vivere sine vulnere, cum te videam vulneratum.
Bonavent.

'To know God, without knowing our misery, creates pride: to know misery, without knowing Christ, causes despondence.'
St. Augustin.

Lustration for offences not his own!
The' unspotted for the' impure resign'd his breath;
No other offering could thy crimes atone:—
Then blame thy Saviour's love, but not his death.

From this one prospect draw thy sole relief,
Here learn submission, passive duties learn;
Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief:
Eschew each danger, every good discern,
And the true wages of thy virtue earn.
Reflect, O man, on such stupendous love,
Such sympathy divine, and tender care;*
Beseech the Paraclete† thine heart to move,
And offer up to Heaven this silent pray'r.—

'Great God,‡ thy judgments are with justice crown'd,
To human crimes and errors gracious still;
Yet, though thy mercies more and more abound,
Right reason spares not fresh-existing ill;
Nor can thy goodness counterwork thy will.
Ah, no! the gloom of sin so dreadful shows,
That horror, guilt, and death, the conscience fill.
Eternal laws our happiness oppose:
Thy nature and our lives are everlasting foes!

* 'They make a free-will offering to God, who, in the midst of their sufferings, preserve their gratitude and acknowledgments.' *Cassian.*

† 'God's Holy Spirit worketh in the following manner in his rational children. It instructs, moves, and admonishes: as for example, it instructs the reason, moves the will, and admonishes the memory.' *S. Gregor. in Moral.*

‡ Translated from the famous French ode of M. de Barreaux: 'Grand Dieu! Tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité,' &c.

'Severe thy truth, yet glorious is thy scheme;
Complete the vengeance of thy just desire:
See from our eyes the gushing torrents stream,
Yet strike us, blast us with celestial fire;
Our doom, and thy decrees, alike conspire.
Yet, dying, we will love thee and adore:
Where shall the flaming flashes of thy ire
Transpierce our bodies? every nerve and pore
With Christ's immaculate blood is cover'd o'er
and o'er.'

'When we praise God, we may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, He is all! When you glorify him, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet he will far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary: for you can never go far enough.'
Ecclus. xliii. 27—30.

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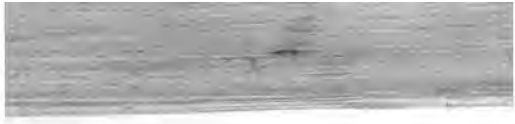

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